TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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"Don" in the Effete Monarchies. No. 2.

WIESBADEN, August 22, 1891.

Did you ever write a letter and after mailing it wish that something might happen to prevent it ever getting there? Often, indeed, I have tried to overtake poor work with weary wishes, and I sent up a sort of feeble prayer that the dizzy composition which got itself together in the smoking-room of the Noordland might discover its unworthiness and jump overboard on the way home. I was having such a nice, lazy time, it seemed a shame to spoil it with work. Every now and then my conscience had a twinge, and I went around and asked if I could do anything for the family, but never insisted. I ordered myself to work, but somehow could not even insist on that. After leaving everything until the last minute. I wound it up hurriedly and sent it away, satisfying myself that I had written something for the paper, yet inwardly wishing disaster to overtake the poor critter before it could give me away in print. Supposing, however, that it has appeared, I must take up the thread—I believe my ministerial brethren call it the thread—of my discourse as we pass Dover. It is customary to remark the chalk cliffs at this point and to say something of historical value; please supply this to suit yourself. Farther up, as the Channel widens into the Great North Sea, in which the pleasing song tells us there once lived a whale, the masts and etceteras of the rigging of a ship projected from the water. Enquiry developed the information that this once stately ship was being rapidly engulfed by the Goodwin Sands. If you have ever read Clark Russell you are aware that no conscientious and well informed mariner ever passes these hungry, and, in fact, insatiable sands, without giving at least one full-sized shudder. Having given a shudder apiece and recalled some of the terrible wrecks which gave rise to the habit, we passed on, glancing at the bathing towns on the beach and looking with great care through every available glass to see if there was anyone in swimming.

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Flushing, that queer, little Dutch town at the mouth of the Scheldt, seemed to have had a fresh coat of red paint the day before and the good ship Noordland kept well away from shore for fear she might rub some of it off. It was Sunday afternoon but there were no particular signs of Sabbatarianism having disturbed the day's pleasures, and, considerably shocked, we took on a fresh pilot and went up stream. As you are perhaps not as fresh from a geography lesson on this part of the world as I am, it may be stated that Antwerp is some forty-seven miles up the crooked stream. Dykes keep the water at high tide from ruthlessly entering the front parlors of the industrious Dutchmen who raise garden sass thereabouts. In some educational work I remember having read about a young Hans or Fritz who discovered a leak in one of these dykes and stuck his thumb into the hole and kept it there till it swelled to a most unnatural and painful size. Unless I am confounding the history of this young man with the memoirs of one John Horner, Fritz is said to have saved Holland by this handy use of his thumb. But our youthful idols are subject to divers and dreadful accidents in this cynical age, and a gentleman who was born in Holland and works on a newspaper in Philadelphia confided to me that he did not believe the story. It is hard, I confess, to see where a thumb could get its work in, to any great extent, in a dyke considerably wider than a railroad grade.

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We passed numerous excursion steamers with brass bands and reckless young people on board who were drinking beer and having a good time just as if it were Saturday morning or even late Monday night. An ocean steamer's funnels were sticking out of the water a few miles up the river, and the captain told me the remainder of the ship was just beneath the surface. She, too, was sinking in the dreadful quicksands equally as hungry and shudderful as those named after Mr. Goodwin. On account of the presence of these sands and the habit of the river's banks of getting in front of the ship, navigation is never undertaken at night by anything bigger than a canal boat. The low landscape is pretty but monotonous. The sunset was gorgeous beyond description, and hereafter when I see those chromos with a Dutch homestead in the center, a windmill at one side and a big Flanders horse and cart in the other corner, I shall not imagine that the painter upset his pot of yellow trying to depict the impossible.

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The banks of the Scheldt are fortified, the forts being something like big potato pits with lids over them. Antwerp in the good old days when Spaniards, French and everybody else fought for possession of the Low Countries, suffered much from the closing up of the river by rival armies and navies. Even now it looks as if it would be easy to pull the plug out of the dykes and make it impossible to find the way up. At half-past seven a couple of puffy little tugs turned the Noordland around and pulled and pushed her up to the wharf. Adieux were said, everybody telling everybody else they were absolutely sure they would meet again; when any two do meet they will be as surprised as if they had just dropped out of the clouds. The examination of baggage by the customs authorities is merely nominal, but the crowd and crush gave me a bad half hour with my infant class. The ex Alderman and myself finally huddled our belongings, animate and otherwise, into and on to three hacks and started for Hotel St. Antoine. The memory shall never die of the wild ride we had up the stony streets. Antwerp drivers are in a hurry and thread through the narrow streets with gay recklessness which adds to the interest of the trip. It was still Sunday, though how a self-respecting Sunday with any Sabbatarian traditions could stay over night in a place like Antwerp, no one can tell. Shops and saloons were wide open, and we passed fully a hundred dogs drawing bread and bottle wagons as their main aim, and getting in our road and under the horses' feet as their incidental business. The St. Antoine was full, though the proprietor said he had one small room he could give us. On counting up how many were left over after the ride and finding thirteen still in the party, we moved on to Hotel l'Europe. They, too, had one room left, but it was the grand salon in which four beds are kept in case of emergency. "One family could take this; it would give her great pleasure," said the landlady, "to confer the use of the carving pantry upon the other." The c. p. was examined and found insufficient. After much beseeching two rooms reserved for a family to arrive that night from Hull were given us, and the rocking earth sank back once more into its regular gait. What became of the family from Hull the good Lord only knows, but I pity them if they had to bunk in the pantry which smelled of ages and cycles of ages of victuals which had passed away. There was a *kermesse* in progress and this, together with the arrival of the ocean steamer, gave Antwerp hotels such a jolt that I reckon somebody including the family from Hull had to sit up all night. It is a gay old town on every night of the seven, and I enjoyed the first half of the evening sitting at a boulevard *cafe* watching the crowd, better than the second half which I spent trying to stay in a billowy Dutch bed six inches too short for me.

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The cathedral is the first point of interest and thither, as in duty bound, we went and gazed at the endless line of pictures and carvings representing every known apostle, saint, angel and martyr from Joseph to Jerome. Not satisfied with giving the visitor an illustrated chronological tree of the New Testament and Roman Catholic Church, the managers of this saintly panorama have repeated the subjects and mixed things up so that an untrained eye loses itself and forgets just whose martyrdom or beatitudes it is working at. There are acres of interior and none of the space is unfilled. The architecture of the exterior is great but the interior is not imposing, it having been overdone and transformed into a series of picture galleries and displays of carving. The work is grand sometimes, always impressive, but often there is the tawdry candle rack covered with tallow, melted to please a saint, unsightly floors and tinsel altars, which keep one from soaring above the things which anchor more souls than are uplifted by the noble works of art. People may rave over the interior of Antwerp Cathedral, but it made me tired and I was glad when our voluble and painstaking guide suggested a visit to St. Paul's. Away down in the oldest part of the town this ancient and sightly church of the Dominicans is hidden away, and hard by it is Mt. Calvary. I had seen some sights elsewhere, but this Mecca of the Belgian peasantry knocked out everything else in the line of scriptural imagery.

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Entering through a wide, commonplace hall, one turns to the right and standing at a doorway faces the queerest business, outdoing many times over Madam Tussaud's wax works. A steep hill, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet long, rises up quite steeply, its steps worn smooth by the knees and feet of peasant women whose dogs and carts wait outside while the devotees pray for luck in field and market and a by-and-by with some rest, sweet, sweet rest in it. Artificial rocks, looking like lava or the slack of an iron furnace, diversify the uplifted surface of what is little more than a triangular courtyard, and the twelve apostles and other evangelical gentry whose names I did not catch, stand as life-size sentries when you pass up. Before you is the Crucifixion, with its painful details rendered horrible by crude sculpture and a long ago. The same painful processions showing our Saviour carrying His cross and illustrating the first time He fell down on the road, the second time, the third and so on, spoil again the beauty of the story of the Grandest Sacrifice Earth or Heaven has ever seen. May I be believed to say it reverently, pictures of the Saviour, whether within the yellow time-worn covers of the old family bible, or on the canvas of great painters, jar upon something within me which has even yet escaped the dulling, deadening and hardening result of life's wear and tear. The picture of the Great Master was painted long, long ago at my mother's knee, on a heart which may retain little else that is good save His picture and hers. Time cannot obliterate the gentle touches of the hand that developed our first ideals, nor can we exchange the face our first pious impulses painted for the beauties of the conception of the greatest artist. I should thank no painter, no matter how great his skill and renown, to paint for me the face of an ideal of my mother, that I might become educated beyond the sweet and tender reality of the face I cherish. No more can I, in what is perhaps my ignorant clinging to an old ideal of Christ's face, exchange it for that of the great masters who have painted Him in the cathedrals and on the canvases of Europe as an effeminate man with curly beard and long hair parted in the middle. I want something stronger and more manly in my Christ and I can have it by cherishing my old picture, in spite of preachers and painters. There is one picture here especially horrible, depicting the Saviour carrying His cross. When He starts out He is ruddy and plump, at the end He is emaciated and shrunken until His ribs are scarce covered by flesh and skin enough to hide their whiteness. It is horrible, but is it lovely or conducive to either belief or an appreciation of what He underwent for our sakes?

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The Hotel de Ville, or City Hall (1565) is away ahead of ours. It was built to last, and it is full of artistic work. The guide kept us looking at pictures on the ceilings until our necks were nearly dislocated. This one was by Perigrini, or Peagreenie, a pupil of Peter Paul Rubens. This was by P. P. Rubens himself! The guide overworked Mr. Rubens. He was doubtless a great painter, but in one short day one may get too much of a good thing. He evidently expected us to fall down and worship Mr. Rubens and everything he did. I had heard of the gentleman before, but nothing to warrant adoration, and I refused, much to the guide's disgust, to break my neck in two. "Zees peecture was paint by Peter Paul Rubens laying on hees back; it show zee industries of Antvearp!" Very likely, but I could not lie on my back to look at it, and a glance had to do. Finally, whenever he said "Peter Paul Rubens," or began to dilate on what had been done in "eleven hunner," I would go into a trance, and the rest of the company looked elsewhere, hoping to see something that Rube hadn't done. The council chamber, where a burgomaster sits who has been in office for more terms than even our own Edward F., is a very expensive and finely finished room. On each side of the mayor's chairs are those of the six aldermen, while a step below are the desks of the twenty-five councilmen. There, too, is the Proscription room, where the youth of the city have to draw lots to see if they must serve in the army. And there is the marriage room, where the civil part of the wedding must be gone through with, for while Antwerp is intensely Catholic, Belgium is Liberal and recognizes the civil contract. Those who have no money can be married free, and from the pauper ceremony prices run from fifty cents up to hundreds of dollars. Funerals, I am told, are worked on the same plan; one may be buried for nothing or interred so expensively that the corpse may wish he hadn't died, lest there be not estate enough to pay for putting him out of sight, or what in this densely populated country is of more importance, out of smell. In spite of all these expenses and the keeping up of kings, nobles and armies, as far as I could learn the citizens of Antwerp, or as it is called in French, Anvers, have far less taxes of every sort to pay than we have who live in Toronto.

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We next followed our guide to the Steen, on the banks of the Scheldt, which unfortunately enough also dated from "eleven hunner." It is an old prison, once the Belgian headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition, now a museum where the chair and bed of Peter Paul Rubens and other notabilities can be seen but not touched—"teching of things" is "verboken," or something to that effect. Museums are tiresome things. It is well enough to preserve old things that those interested may find out what furniture and dishes looked like a thousand years ago, and guns and long jab knives and halberds and armor are queer enough, but a few minutes suffices for looking at them. Mr. Rubens' bed and chair are uncomfortable-looking relics, and I hope their former occupant has a more comfortable abiding-place with modern improvements of some sort, or he must be very, very tired by now. The thumb-screws and bone-crackers, the manacles and steel collars, the chairs and things they fastened their victims to the wall with—these are interesting reminders of the good old days when religious belief meant something more than renting a pew in church. The old Inquisitors were as logical as Calvinists, though their doctrine was not quite so cruel. They believed it better to torture the body than to permit the soul to live in heresy and die unshrived. To them it seemed a kindness to crackle the bones of a heretic rather than let him live and lead other souls to perdition. All that is needed to renew the methods of the Inquisition is a sect or body of men who feel as sure as the old Catholic fathers did that they alone are right, together with nerve and power enough to carry out the idea that everyone who thinks differently must be tortured until he changes his mind. Fortunately enough for heretics like myself, the times are forever past when a gray-bearded monk or close-shaven priest can force me to believe with him or scream on the rack. He might think he was doing me a kindness and God a service, but that would not make it any pleasanter for me. This country has gone to the other extreme since the "good old days." Toronto will some day revolt from the Blue Laws of those who are trying to force people to be good and are succeeding in making more hypocrites than genuine converts. Rather than stand the torture, heretics were prone to recant and denounce their fellows; rather than stand the torture of pulpit denunciation and religio-social ostracism, modern heretics too are apt to pretend to beliefs which at heart they feel to be wrong. Rowdies no doubt pelted stones at the martyrs who were burning at the stake, and shouted loudest in the denunciation of Christ and in acceptance of Barabbas, and I have no doubt the tongues and fanatics who have been causing trouble in the Queen's Park are of the very same order of men. The stringent laws which shut people up in the city for lack of street cars and amusements elsewhere, are a part of the old order of things and will end in the same way—by a social revolution in favor of license, which may be even more objectionable than repression.

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But to return to the Steen. We went downstairs and saw the dungeons. I can hear the drip, drip of the water yet; it seems to run down my spine and I have as much trouble drawing a breath when I think of those infernal holes as I would have in drawing money out of a bank where I had no account. Some of the dungeons were below the river level, and prisoners were made industrious by letting the water in on them and making them dip it up and pour it out or drown. Rings fixed in the arched ceilings some feet apart, were used as stretchers. Ropes fastened to each wrist were passed through these rings, and when lusty zealots pulled the strings the arms were torn out by the roots. Cells into which light never peeped were used to immure prisoners who were given a stream of air once a day; during the balance of the time they sagged and smothered and tore their hair and felt sorry for their sins. Ah, yes, those were the good old days when there was no trifling with wickedness and men and women couldn't go about creating a disturbance with impunity.

Antwerp has about three hundred thousand

THE ROMANCER.

inhabitants, and is prosperous and progressive. There are churches everywhere, and the spaces are filled in with restaurants as it were. The people make it their business to enjoy themselves, and at a concert in one of the parks on Monday night there was a crowd of some two or three thousand well dressed people, who were the human portion of the gayest scene I had ever witnessed. When we got back to the hotel the ex-Alderman asked for his bill. When the royal archduke who runs the dining-room brought it in like John the Baptist's head on a silver platter, the ex-Alderman winked at me and we both thought it very funny. A moment later the scene was changed. The gentleman who had occupied, personally and by proxy, the grand salon and the four bulging beds therein, grew pale and faint. He had risen to meet the advances and gymnastics of the grand duke, with proper Jarvis street dignity, but when he grasped the bill and the idea it conveyed, he staggered, and passing his hand feebly over his brow he requested the imperial courier to excuse his emotion and to permit him for a moment to resume his seat. Then I got my bill, and it was my turn to feel faint. The expenditure of thirty-five cents for four pipes to present to near and dear friends who have done me many favors seemed a fit and proper thing in the earlier part of the day, but now I realized how reckless it was to make investments before seeing one's hotel bill. I had expected to have to pay the presumable expenses of the family from Hull as well as my own when I got their rooms, but I had no idea that I should have to buy the tavern and present it back to the landlady. Like men who are in a bad fix, the ex-Alderman and I made a rapid mental calculation as to how much we could pawn our trunks for, and almost at the same moment pulled out our pocketbooks for silent and sorrowful reference.

"Don't you think there is a mistake about this bill?" he asked, passing it over to me.

"How many years have you been here?" I enquired, still mentally adding up the probable cash value of everything I had with me.

"Seriously though, a hundred and fifty dollars seems high for camping out in the front parlor of a hotel for a day and two nights!"

"What is a 'simple'?" I asked irrelevantly.

"I am down four times for a 'simple' at a dollar a crack."

"Can you spare me fifty or a hundred dollars till I get to Cologne?" he interrupted, intent on his own misery. "I didn't cash a draft to-day—had no one to identify me you know."

"Certainly," said I. "I am about to become proprietor of the house and I'll trouble you for all you have with you to settle your bill."

Just then he turned to the grand duke and asked if he did not think one hundred and fifty dollars a trifle high even for four beds and two or three screens in the parlor for a day and two nights.

"One hunner an' feefty francs und seexty songteems eez ze beel!" explained the grand vizier with a two dollar bow.

I thought the ex-Alderman would have laughed himself to death. Even the presence of dining-room royalty could not restrain our mirth, and after taking up a collection and paying what goodness knows was a big enough bill, we went out and took something else. Then we had time to dissect the things. There was breakfast at so much apiece, followed by separate charges for steaks and eggs for breakfast for each person. Evidently our presence at the table cost us two francs apiece, and what we had to eat was extra. This we found to be correct. Coffee and rolls constitute breakfast; if you take tea or milk instead of coffee that is extra, as is everything else you may order. The francs go in a column like our dollars and the centimes in a line like cents, so the mistake was not an unnatural one, but as we had each paid continental bills before we should have known better. Yet I defy those used to dollars and cents to escape the groan which comes with the first European bill in marks or francs and the fractions thereof. I asked the cashier why I was charged with being "simple." I hate to dispute a bill but this charge was one that my self-respect could not pass over, particularly as I had not broken any dishes nor overturned my soup.

"Oh, zee seemple!" she smiled, condescendingly, "zat ees ze meelk wiz oud bread for zee child."

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Early next morning we started by train for Cologne. The thirteen of us were distributed throughout nine different compartments of the pigeon-holed coaches, and I had great difficulty in being filed away for future reference with my wife and son. However, it doesn't matter now. We changed cars twice and opened our baggage at the German frontier, and were gerrymandered until I wasn't sure either of my name or destination. It took seven hours to go less than two hundred miles—a part of the time at a mile a minute and the rest at a mile an hour. Taken altogether and as a memory, the ride was not worse than a journey up the Northern Railway to Collingwood but it was a few minutes longer, and the fat man, into whose seat I was forced to interject myself, could not for over seventy miles excuse me for being alive and unburied. Yet I had to ride there or else be separated from my heir who every now and then had to have a pull out of a bottle of milk—"a seemple"—in my valise. Some of these old chaps forget that they were boys once themselves. DON.

Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	$122 00
Mrs. James Reid, Quesnelle, B.C.	10 00
———, Vernon, B.C.	1 00
Total	$133 00

Around Town.

The appointment of Miss Ryckman as modern language mistress in the Parkdale High School at a salary of $1,500, was too great an innovation for the old style journalist and the old style citizen to peaceably submit to. In the desultory discussion occasioned by that appointment the name of the young lady has been considerately omitted and her particular case only casually mentioned, but it was really what set the old boys on edge. A woman drawing such a salary—outrageous! Of course these critics will admit that a woman might sing or turn somersaults before the footlights and earn fabulous sums, but if she does not stand on her head for the delectation of the bald-headed row—here sit the critics mentioned—she cannot earn and does not deserve more than half the salary of a man. I protest against the old-fashioned foolishness that would encourage women to educate their feet and neglect their heads. There is not such a superabundance of brains among men that the good of the race requires women to have none, and if brain here means cultivated and practical brain. Between the heathen belief that woman has no soul and our highly civilized Christian belief that she is all soul and no substance, there is an advantage on our side, though not so great as civilized sense should show. Why a woman of ability should not receive hire according to her ability I cannot see, and what sex has to do with modern lafiguages I cannot make out. But they tell us that no woman can properly discipline a school. Here crops up the prejudice of men who in the good old days were disciplined by corporal punishment, extraordinary flogged with a handspike and spanked with an inch board. As they fancy they turned out well under such discipline and know that fragile women could not ply the weighty implements by which education was pounded into their red and angry pores, they object to women teachers. They forget that education is no longer applied as a liniment, but administered as a potion. Juvenile ignorance is not nowadays drawn out with mustard plasters and powerful blisters, nor by the letting of blood. Intelligence is not let into a boy through a crack in his skull. Gentler methods now obtain favor, and the rod of correction is seldom found necessary, so that weight and size are not greatly considered when engaging a teacher. But so long as the world lasts there will exist a class of people who will estimate the usefulness of a man by the weight he can register on a pair of hay scales. Women and small young men have a common grievance in this popular prejudice in favor of weight and muscle, for weight and muscle have often "nothing to do with the case."

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For some time there has been a lull in church scandals, but lovers of sensation have little now to complain of. The trouble in the Hamilton Church of the Ascension has revived in aggravated form, and the conduct of all concerned in it illustrates how spiteful, unforgiving and bitter Christian people can be with one another. Neither side will recede from its position, for each has taken Divine counsel and is sure that it is right. Taat one side or the other is laboring under a spiritual delusion is evident, but the one inspired by false revelation not being conscious of it, peace is impossible. A more remarkable scandal is turning the Broadway Tabernacle of our city inside out. Was there ever such a momentous question of identity? Mr. Dingman, a married man, is recognized as a Mr. Douglas, who some time ago paid attention to a female person resident in the house of a family now in church fellowship with Mr. Dingman. Every member of the family makes affidavit to his identity, but he repudiates the name of Douglas and avers he never met the Binghams until they entered his spiritual haven on Spadina avenue and pointed the finger of calumny at him. Opinions differ on the case. Four of the trustees have sent in resignations, the pastor and the balance of the board are satisfied it is a case of mistaken identity, while the views of the congregation cannot be tested. While four trustees and some members have withdrawn, the aspersed church pillar continues to take up the collection and perform other duties of his office. If Dingman is innocent it would be unwise for him to withdraw under a cloud of suspicion even though by so doing he could restore harmony to the Tabernacle, for he must consider his name. If he is guilty he may deem it profitable to bluff his accusers from the steps of the altar. He can never quite purify his name in such a way, for when people have an even choice they will believe evil of a church member every time. This is one of the crosses church members bear. Mr. Dingman's only course is to boldly challenge his accusers in the courts and proceed against them for slander. In this way he can show that he is a long-suffering martyr. Until he does resort to law people will marvel that he has to keep an alibi always handy and has frequently been forced to take refuge in "mistaken identity." So long as the case is not legally sifted the people will speculate upon it and draw their own conclusions.

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But the most scandalous thing of all is the forging escapade of that devout young minister A. E. Harrington of the Simpson avenue Methodist Church, as related in the *Empire*. He was left in charge of the flock while the pastor was enjoying some well-earned holidays, as the saying is, but he crowded more enterprise and hustle into his brief pastorate than the good man whom he relieved did into his whole term, and with no discredit to the good man whom he relieved, either. If Harrington had been in any other line of business than that of preaching he would never have secured the opportunities of which he made so much use. Had he been in a secular calling he could not, on his simple word, have secured material for building houses, nor could he have obtained Mr. Norton's cheque for one hundred and fifty dollars, which enabled him by a turn of the pen to raise four hundred and fifty dollars. He is now enjoying a holiday, probably across the border. The good people of Simpson avenue Church no doubt feel terribly shocked after receiving the ministrations of such an outright rascal. The ungodly ones who occasionally drop into a rear pew to gratify a whim, may recall that they heard the student preach and were as much impressed with his sincerity as that of any other minister. From this they will argue against all preachers as men governed by expediency, whose Christianity and honesty spring from considerations of policy alone. In cases such as this the church on earth suffers. If one preacher degrades his calling the whole cloth is aspersed, though if a lawyer should commit murder it would not be held that assassination was a latent passion beneath every gown. Religious people should remember the worldly disposition to magnify the smallest kind of a silver into the largest kind of a log. If this were always remembered and provided for, the A. E. Harringtons would not so frequently operate their dishonest schemes from the vantage of the pulpit. The steps leading up into the pulpit seem too few and too easily mounted.

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In the police court the other day the lawyers for Hickerson and Neill, the men arrested for speaking in the park, resurrected some old laws enacted in the times of Charles II. and of Elizabeth. The object in producing these antiquated laws was to show that the prisoners had been wrongfully arrested because a by-law of the Toronto City Council was at variance with an Imperial statute. The contention is that laws passed hundreds of years ago can be brought out of dusty store-rooms to interfere with the management of affairs according to the more enlightened notions of to-day. This may be sound in law—it certainly is true that one law talks until a subsequent enactment silences it, but parliamentary acts covered with the dust of centuries bob up too often to our discomfiture. What the mischief has Charles II. to do with the Queen's Park or the City Council, and what right has he to start out of his coffin and dictate to you and me? He was scarcely in step with his own time and is certainly no competent law-giver to us. All existing laws should be revised and that accepted revision made the ground work of our laws, further back than which no lawyer should be allowed to penetrate. The statutes passed by a poor fist of a king ages ago in another hemisphere should not frustrate our intentions.

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The Fair is on and the city again swarming with visitors. For the first few days the gate receipts were not so large as for the corresponding days last year, but it will be remembered that those were phenomenally large until rain interfered. The great crowds always gather during the second week and the whole province will bear down upon us in the next few days. The city has grown so rapidly that though double the number may visit the fair now than did so ten years ago, they cause less revolution than was created then. Accommodation has increased more rapidly than the number of visitors, and there is such a stir upon the streets at all times that the added bustle during exhibition is less noticeable.

ZEKE.

Social and Personal.

One of the last dances of the Island season took place on Wednesday evening of this week in the hall of the Aquatic Association at Center Island. Notwithstanding the fact that the summer is now almost a thing of the past and that there also existed a counter-attraction in the shape of a bon-fire given by Mrs. Thompson at the back of Marine Parade at the east end of the Island, yet quite a number of Islanders turned up and at about nine o'clock some sixty couples were indulging in the light fantastic. Amongst those who were present were noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dunison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffat, Mr. H. and Miss E. Muntz, Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. Cornell of Winnipeg, Mrs. and Miss Macdougall, Miss Vivian, Miss Hope, Miss Palmer, Miss Francis, Miss Rolph, Miss Daisy McMurray, Messrs. MacDonald, H. Reed, Norman MacCrae, Strathy, Marsh and Piddington. Dancing was kept up until a late hour and all enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent. These "hops" have been tri-weekly events throughout the season, which is now all but over, and they have been largely patronized by the summer residents on the Island, and their friends. It is acknowledged on all hands that the season of 1891 has been by far the most pleasant ever spent by the dwellers on the Island and the hall, which was only put up this summer, has contributed in no small degree to this pleasing result. It has served as a place of meeting for the Island residents throughout the summer and they have freely taken advantage of it and many social gatherings of various kinds have taken place therein. Although autumn is quickly coming on yet the Islanders are loth to leave a place where they have spent so very many happy hours, but all things must have an end and it has been decided to finish up the season with one grand final hop which is to take place in the hall on Wednesday evening next, the 16th inst., and it has also been arranged that a supper shall take place after the dancing, to which liquids and solids shall be contributed respectively by gentleman and lady members Taken altogether the Island season this year has been an immense success from start to finish, and all the members of the Aquatic Association are to be heartily congratulated upon its results, especially the president, Mr. Wade, and the secretary, Mr. Bronchard, who have both worked hard to ensure its success and who have been energetically backed up in their efforts. It is expected that the Island will be more popular than ever next year.

*

Amongst those who passed the season at Strawberry Island, Lake Simcoe, were the following: Cottagers—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Symons and family, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson and family of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomson and child of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Roche and daughter of Galt, Mr. W. E. Lundy, Mrs. and Miss Lundy of Orillia, and Dr. and Mrs. Carmen of New York. Registered at the Island House were Mr. and Mrs. John Aitken, Miss H. Paterson, Mr. W. H. Keetin, Mr. L. Fraser and son, Rev. W. Brookman, Mr. J. E. Rogers, Mr. J. Harold, Mr. and Mrs. R. McClain and child and Mr. W. A. Lee of Toronto, Mrs. James and Miss Currie of Jersey City, N.J., Miss Florence MacDonald of New York, Miss Lilian Forrest of Winnipeg, Messrs. D. and J. M. Crawford of St. Louis, Mo., Mr. D.V. Hill of Chicago, Mr. John G. Harper of Pollard, Ala., Miss Hattie Harper of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Whittaker, Mr. M. J. Frawley, Mr. J. Forsyth, Mrs. C. E Hewson, Miss Maggie Boy, Miss Eva S. Patterson, Mr. Fred Marr, and Mr. R. J. Fraser of Barrie.

*

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson will return from Scotland about September 25 and resume her classes in violin playing.

Miss Maud Snarr of Huron street has returned home from visiting friends in Hamilton and Meaford.

*

Rev. W. Hoyles Clark, rector of St. Barnabas' church, was in Hamilton this week, the guest of Mr. W. A. Mighten, at Chedoka.

*

Mrs. Charles Powell and Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place returned home this week after summering at St. Andrews, N.B.

*

Miss Maude Wilson of Shuter street is visiting Mrs. W. A. Mighten, at Chedoka, Hamilton.

*

Among the guests of Prospect House last week were the Lord Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Milligan, Miss Ida Milligan, Mr. J. Fred Ramsey, Mr. C. Stiles, Mr. W. E. Middleton, Mr. E. B. Lefroy of Toronto, Mr. Duncan McIntyre of Montreal, Mr. J. B. Sewell of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. O'Hare, the Misses McDonell of Rochester, Mr. George Monteith of Cleveland, Mr. H. J. Russell Snow, Mr. J. D. McCullough, Mr. W. N. Irwin, the Misses Molesworth, Miss N. Macdonald, Mr. Frank W. Maclean, Mr. R. M. Keating of Toronto, Mrs. W. Copp, Miss Copp of Hamilton, Mr. Haas, Mr. Thomas McCracken, Mr. and Mrs. George Holmstead and Miss Holmstead, Mr. S. M. Jarvis, Mrs. Brooke of Toronto.

*

Messrs. Osborne and Harold Brooke of Toronto have been guests at the Toronto Church School boy's camp, Port Sandfield.

*

Mr. A. Piddington of the Quebec Bank, Toronto, and Mr. S. Piddington of the Quebec Bank, Ottawa, have been staying at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, for the last ten days.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Christie of Toronto, Mrs. J. J. Palmer of San Francisco, and Mr. Ernest Morphy are at Summit House, Port Cockburn.

*

Miss Olive Millichamp left Windermere on Monday for Toronto.

*

Miss Lash and the Misses Domville of Hamilton returned homewards this week.

*

Major and the Misses Dawson are spending a few days in Muskoka.

*

Hon. J. B. Robinson spent a day or two at Governor's Island.

*

Guests at Beaumaris: Dr. Willard and family of Alleghany City, Mr. Boultbee of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. Crease, Miss Robinson of Sarnia, Mrs. F. and Miss Donville of Hamilton, Mrs. Palmer, Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart of Toronto, Miss Miller and Mrs. Wilson Miller of Alleghany City, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke of Orillia, Mrs. Alfred Chapman of Toronto, Mr. W. J. Blackwell of Trenton, N. J., Mr. H. M. and Mr. A. Patterson of Hamilton, Mr. D. McKee of Pittsburgh, Mrs. H. B. and Miss Logan of Alleghany.

*

A very interesting social event took place last Tuesday afternoon, which filled St. Luke's Church with an admiring and well-wishing throng of Toronto fashionables. The occasion was the celebration of the double nuptials of the two elder daughters of Mr. John Kemp of the Bank of Commerce of this city, the elder, Miss Gertrude, being married to Mr. Frederick C. Winans of Detroit, and the younger, Miss Bessie, to Rev. J. C. Farthing, rector of Woodstock. The ceremony was performed by his lordship the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Dr. Davies and Rev. Dr. Langtry. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers. Shortly after two o'clock the wedding party arrived. The sister brides were dressed in similar gowns of white *Sicilienne*, made in a style of great simplicity, most becoming to the tall and graceful figures of the wearers. The trained skirts were open over a panel on the left side, with edges of puffed *Sicilienne* and a puffing of the same about the bodices. A like ornamentation outlined the V shaped opening at the neck and was filled in with soft ruffles of *chiffon*. The customary veils and coronets of orange blossoms completed these chaste and charming costumes. The bridesmaids, Miss Alice and Miss Agnes Kemp, wore old rose surah dresses with *Medici* collars, and white hats, and carried bouquets of carnations. Mr. Charles Heath acted as best man to Mr. Winans and Rev. Prof. Cayley of Trinity College to Mr. Farthing. Mr. Noxon, Mr. G. A. Harcourt, Mr. B. Winans, and Mr. Burns of Hamilton officiated as ushers. A wedding breakfast and reception were held at 33 St. Vincent street, the residence of Mr. J. C. Kemp, after the performance of the ceremony, at which the following guests tendered their congratulations: Bishop Sweatman, Rev. Dr. Davies and Mrs. Davies, Rev. Dr. Langtry and Mrs. Langtry, Rev. A. J. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. James Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Whitehead, Mr. and Mrs. Aird, Mrs. Winans and Mrs. Edward Winans, Mr. Noxon, Miss Ridley of Hamilton, Mr. Charles of Woodstock, Miss Cameron, Mr. McCuaig, and Rev. Dean Wade of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Miss Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. D. Kemp, Mr. Edward Kemp, Miss Morley, Mr. G. A. Harcourt, Miss Day, Mr. B. Winans, Miss Playter, Mr. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. William Laidlaw, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Winans left on the afternoon train for Chicago, contemplating a tour of the Western States, while Mr. and Mrs. Farthing

(Continued on Page Sixteen.)

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Between You and Me.

SOME day I shall be even with her," said a pretty girl in my hearing one day lately. She was not pretty, though, as she said it, for a hard little wrinkle had come between her eyes and a fire flashed under her knit brows, and a certain tightness about her lips told of the determination to carry out her prophecy to its bitter fulfillment. I wondered what act of treachery or unkindness had caused her to bristle so crectly, and wondered again how she purposed achieving her "evening up." There is a good deal of that spirit in us, I fancy, when we meet with unexpected and undeserved shabby treatment, and it is hard not to form a mental revenge, even though our restored equanimity fails to carry out the hasty scheme.

•

Although silence is usually a lady's weapon against impertinence and rudeness, it is often more because she is at a loss for the right words to express her resentment and annihilate her adversary that she takes refuge therein, than from the possession of an imperturbability above being ruffled. Once in a month of Sundays the tongue and brain are ready, the "retort courteous" leaps out and paralyzes him or her who has evoked it. Scores of good stories award the palm to our Irish cousins for peculiar gifts in this direction, but once in a while some other beings accomplish a success.

•

A new industrial departure for the gilded youth of Toronto has come to life—no less than a practical school of cookery. It is to open on the fourteenth, and is to be conducted by an English professoress, who has met with great success in Montreal during the past two years. I know several little wives and maidens who are determined to learn the true inwardness of a properly built pie, and the sweetness and light of a reliable meringue, and also the more fleshly attributes of a self-respecting beefsteak or a young and guileless fowl. And one of them, the most insinuating creature of my acquaintance, has had the temerity to invite me to dinner on the strength of her avowed determination to join this new cooking class, in the following appalling terms: "I hope you and Mr. Gay will come over and risk your lives on some of my experiments." This from a female person who has the expression of a seraph and reads Tolstoi, made me pause to wonder "What next!"

•

But, really, this cooking school is a healthy, sensible idea, and will discover and develop the genius of those who are "born cooks," just as last winter's dressmaking school brought to light the taste and ingenuity of a score of Toronto's brightest women, whose dainty gowns made a recorded impression on my critical observation. I have my doubts about whether the gastronomical attractions will meet my case as well, but a cup of cold poison, offered by the fair hands of my correspondent above quoted, would somehow have to be swallowed.

•

Have they got an Inspector Archibald in all England that such things can be as these? Some little time ago a number of volunteers were ordered to parade for a bathe, and preceded by their regimental band, in full glare of noonday, they paraded to the beach, undressed, and in a state of nature, which recalls the outrageous story told by Rudyard Kipling of the Taking of Lungtungpan, they did bathe, swim, souse and splash, and afterwards run about to dry themselves, in the full view of a horrified town! This for once was bad enough, but worse has been done than this. A regiment of Highland Light Infantry now quartered at Dover are marched down in early morning, every day, to the skirling of their pipes, to disport themselves in like manner, and though the discordant wail seems to meet the views of the compulsory bathers, the townspeople are beginning to rebel, as much at the music as at the pre-Adamite garb of the defenders of the country.

•

Why will some girls and women, who should know better, persist in putting on their gloves, one or both, in the street? I remember long years ago being rebuked for this bad habit by an English dowager, whose position made her words an authority: "Please do not wait to button your gloves until you are in the streets—only ladies' maids and shop girls do so." I am afraid there is every excuse for the busy and worried shop girl, as she scurries home to lunch, if she does straighten her hat and clothe her hands on the way; but our Toronto saleswomen usually spend their proper number of moments in "prettying" themselves and buttoning their gloves, down in the dingy dressing closets, at least so far as my cursory observation has enlightened me.

•

Among the batch of letters which lie on my desk every day I have found one which rouses all my antagonism, or rather would do so did I not know that the writer has lots to learn on the subject discussed. In answering the enquiry of a lady correspondent, I advised her to be faithful to the poor man whom she loved, even though by doing so she sacrificed her chance of helping an invalid sister, and securing a rich husband and a luxurious home—in a marriage with a worthy Dives whom she did not love. The writer of the letter I am at odds with addressing me as "Miss Editress," rebukes me in the following terms: "I think these are nonsensical thoughts with which to fill a young girl's brain. If the young man of the first part is not prepared to surround a wife with the comforts to which she has been used, he had better quietly obliterate himself. I am a believer in the saying that 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'" As my good correspondent also requests me to give her or him a graphological study, I have rather an unfair advantage, because what I find renders the above quoted opinion innocuous and excusable. The man or woman who advocates a *mariage de convenance* in this country, in this earnest and bright generation; who dubs constancy, loyalty, self-respect and self-denial, "nonsensical thoughts with which to fill a young girl's brain," who regards a loveless marriage as far preferable to single blessedness is not possessed of the happy experience, the independence, the regard and sympathy, the approving conscience and the true gentlewomanhood which come to the loving and sacrificing wife who is willing for one dear sake to do without many of the comforts to which she has been "used." The girl who marries for a luxurious home takes a far greater risk than I would dare; for though in some cases, where the woman lacks strength of will or is quite heart-whole, love such as is necessary to a happy marriage may come and all end well, such endings are the exception and not the rule. Things re-adjust themselves in that case. The loving wife pays her conscience money and forgets her dishonest barter, the devotion of her heart goes where her false vow said it went in the first place; but in the other case, years only bring punishment and weariness and an ever chafing chain to the creature of sense and sordidness.

•

Lady Gay is not one particle romantic or highflown any more than she is a "Miss Editress," and she speaks whereof she knows when she discourses on the necessity of love above every other thing, between the man and woman who are to be one flesh until death do them part.

LADY GAY.

She Stoops to Conquer.

Across the fields, one summer day,
Wandered a youth and a maiden gay,
The fields were in green, the maid was in blue,
While the youth was in love, of sombre hue.

For this daughter of Eve, as cruel as fair,
Had driven her lover quite to despair;
Of glances, and smiles, and words, she gave many,
But of love or caresses she gave—not any.

Soon to a stile the pair drew nigh,
And a gleam of hope lit the young man's eye;
But no sign did he make, though glad he might feel;
The maiden went first, and round turned the wheel—

But only half way, for this suitor bold
Had entered it too, and fast did he hold,
While he said to the maid, "Not a step do you go
Till you have paid toll for all my woe."

For a space, woman's wit and man's muscle opposed,
They stood by the stile, but, far from composed,
In dismay she gazed on her stalwart foe;
Retreat she would not. Pay toll? Ah, no!

So, quick as a flash, she stooped and was gone,
Away from the stile and the youth forlorn.
As for her captor alone on the hill,
For aught I know he may be there still.

CHARLOTTE ADNES POWELL.

"Well, Nettie, are you a good little girl?" "Oh, yes, sir. I must be! Father says I'm a holy terror."

An American's Wit

When Colonel Bob Ingersoll was in Europe last, he visited Westminster Abbey for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Nelson, the guide said:

"That, sir is the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the whole world hever knew—Lord Nelson's. This sarcoughhogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that is a sceel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that is a leaden caaket, 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin holding the hashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the colonel, after thinking awhile, "I guess you've got him. If ever he gets out of that, cable me at my expense."—*Argonaut.*

Cycling Notes.

He—Do you belong to the Psychical Society? She—No; but I sometimes go out on my brother's machine!

FAMILY RECEIPT.—To prepare a bottle of Bitters at a price to suit every person, take the quarter of a 25c. package of the celebrated "Indigenous Bitters" and infuse it in three half pints of boiling water.

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Gold Seal Densoline for Rough Skin
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SOMETHING you get for nothing. Ask at our fashion counters for new fashion paper—no charge.

At these counters are frillings and laces and handkerchiefs galore. There would seem to be no end to the stock of silk handkerchiefs. Truth is, our buyer in his visits this year to the English markets, hit some wonderful values.

Ladies' Silk Handkerchiefs, 2 for 25c.
Handstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 3 for 25c.
Ladies' Windsor Scarfs, 25c.
Children's Handkerchiefs, 25c. doz.
Ladies' Spanish Lace Scarfs.
Ladies' Chemisette collars.
Linen Collars and Cuffs.
Regatta Collars, two for 25c.
Note specially the line of Embroidered Chiffon, 25c. yard.

You wheel around, as it were, to the other side of these counters, and find much that's suggestive in laces—Torchon, Oriental, Russian. Every completeness is connected with this stock. The minutest detail has our thought.

Fancy Silk and Tinsel Cords.
Velvets and Fancy Ribbons.
Pom Poms for fancy work.
Embroidery Silks for fancy work.

Planning your visit to the city during Exhibition week, remember this store—you have our welcome.

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RAIN!
"Be wise to-day,' tis madness to defer."
The rainy season is fast approaching. Prepare to withstand the inclemencies of the weather by providing yourself with a garment that is waterproof, that will not come apart at the seams, that will not become hard, and is odorless.
Ladies and Gentlemen's Mackintoshes made to order on one week's notice at the
GOODYEAR RUBBER STORE
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LONDON, July 28, 1891.
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"I have analyzed the Godes-Berger water, and find that "it is EXQUISITELY PURE. Its saline ingredients are "normal—just those required to form AN IDEAL TABLE "WATER.
(Signed) "J. ALFRED WANKLYN."

THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XXV.

"THANK GOD! THAT HE HAS GONE."

For some time Lord Clanavon stood with the paper in his hand, doubtful how to act. Then he quietly dropped it again where he had found it, and strolled away to another part of the room. When Mrs. Smith entered a few minutes later with the luncheon tray, he did not even mention the subject.

"Not at all an unpleasant room, this," he remarked, as she commenced setting out the things, "but where did my father sleep when he came down here?"

He was watching her very closely, and he could detect a slight uneasiness in her manner as she answered, after a moment's hesitation:

"In here, sir. There is a sort of chair bedstead stands in my room, and he used to have that brought here. If you are spending the night, here, my lord——"

"I am not," he interrupted. "I shall be leaving this afternoon."

It was impossible for Mrs. Smith to altogether conceal her relief. Lord Clanavon noticed her changed aspect, but he made no remark.

"This is a very queer old place, Mrs. Smith," he remarked.

"It is, my lord, very old-fashioned, and I'm sure the damp is something awful. In the wet weather I'm most of the time down with rheumatics. For them who's not used to such places it must be most unhealthy."

He turned away to hide a slight smile.

"I'm not surprised to hear it, Mrs. Smith," he said, gravely. "By the by, when I was a youngster I used to hear some queer stories about the place—or was it my fancy? Aren't there some secret rooms in this tower, and a passage leading somewhere or other? I fancy I used to hear my father talk about them."

He had strolled away to the window, but had carefully placed himself opposite a small mirror. In it he saw the sudden start which had set all the ribbons in her cap rustling, and watched the deadly pallor creep into her wrinkled face. It was enough for him. He forbore to turn around, and stood idly gazing out of the window, as though the matter were of small interest to him.

"It must be—a mistake, my lord. I have never heard of any."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Very likely. If you have never heard of any, it must have been. Well, I'll have some luncheon now, and then finish looking through these papers. I expect a fly or carriage of some sort here about four o'clock. Will you let me know when it is here, and bring me a cup of tea?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else I can do now?"

"Nothing, thank you, Mrs. Smith. Your chickens look very good, and the air has given me an appetite. Where did this claret come from?"

"Your father had it sent here, my lord, several years ago. There is a great deal of it in the cellar."

"I'm very glad to hear it," he answered, emptying his glass. "I think I'll have it sent back to London, as I don't intend coming down here again. It's too good to lose sight of. There's nothing else at present, Mrs. Smith."

"Very good, my lord. If you will find there's no bell; but I'll come for the tray in half an hour."

She left him alone, closing the door carefully after her. When she returned he had finished his lunch, and was seated once more at the writing table. This time, as he appeared to be busy, there was no more conversation between them. She cleared the things away in silence and departed.

He waited until she had got out of hearing before he moved. Then he lit a cigar, and opening the door walked out into the corridor connecting the tower with the main building. A few yards down it there was a great fissure in the inland wall. He leaned over this and folding his arms upon the stonework looked thoughtfully at the town.

Two things struck him about it. First, that taking into account the small size of the room which he had just quitted, the walls must either be of extraordinary thickness, or there must be some hollow space between; secondly, that from its great height and the fact of the only room in it being right at the top, it had probably been built for a watch tower. The last theory made the possibility of the existence of any secret rooms about the place somewhat unlikely; yet it seemed a very feasible one; for a strong light burning in that little chamber at the top of the tower would cast its reflection far over the sea which rolled in to its very base.

If there had been time, and if he could have been sure that Mrs. Smith was not watching him, he would have liked by some means to have got down on the beach below and have examined the tower from its base. But glancing at his watch, he saw that there was scarcely time for this, so he determined to put the plan which he had previously determined upon into execution. He walked back into the room, and throwing away his cigar, carefully examined the walls on the north side. He tried them inch by inch all the way along without result. They were perfectly solid stone and mortar. He looked all round the fire-place; it was even more unpromising. Then he tried the walls on the other side, though he hoped for little from these, for from th window he could tell that there was not much space for a passage of any kind between the inside and outside of the wall. Finally he concluded his search with a shrug of the shoulders, and confessed himself beaten—for a time.

He lit another cigar, and sitting down in the easy chair once more read through the little packet of letters which he had secured. They told him so little, and yet so much. He could scarcely see, now that he had them, how to act. It was all vague and unsatisfactory. In his heart he knew that he was sorry that he had found them. It was a chapter of his father's life which had better have been kept closed for ever. Had it not been for that marriage certificate—had there been mention of an angry father or brother, of the disgrace which, save for that slip of paper, he might have brought upon that dead woman and her family—then it might have been possible to connect this incident with his father's murder, and thus he might have hunted down the assassin. But as it was, it seemed to him impossible to do so. This was an episode, a startling episode, but it had a finite ending. It was finished and done with. There was no point in it which he could lay hold of and follow out with any hope of its leading him to a definite clue.

Four o'clock came, and soon afterwards Mrs. Smith knocked at the door, and entered, carrying a small bag.

"The fly from Mewlton has arrived, my lord, and I have brought you your tea."

He drank it, and then carefully locked up the writing desk and prepared to depart.

"I shall send down here some time, Mrs. Smith," he said, "for the papers in that desk. I will let you know when. Or perhaps I may write and ask you to forward them. You will be able to do that?"

"Certainly, my lord. I would use great care."

He drew on his overcoat, and then swung the key thoughtfully backwards and forwards upon his finger.

"Perhaps," he said, "until I do so I had better take the key and let Mr. Brudnell have it."

She seemed a little disturbed, and there was an anxious gleam in her eyes. But she struggled to hide it.

"It would be perfectly safe here, my lord, where you found it. I would not let it out of my sight."

"I don't doubt it, Mrs. Smith," he said walking by her side down the corridor, "but lawyers are very particular sort of people, you know, and there are important papers in that desk. I think, in fact, I know that Mr. Brudnell would prefer having the key himself."

"Very good, my lord." They passed through the gallery and the dreary succession of uninhabited and uninhabitable rooms, and out into the yard, where a closed fly, drawn by a pair of nondescripts—one pony and a horse—was waiting. Lord Alceston took his seat at once, and made his adieux to Mrs. Smith from the window.

"Good day, Mrs. Smith. Much obliged for your attention."

"Good day, my lord, and thank you."

She dropped him an old-fashioned curtsey and stood with a very forced smile on her lips, till the carriage drove off. Then it vanished, and her whole appearance changed. She stood watching the vehicle as it curved slowly across the half bracken-covered, half barren moor, and around little sickly plantations of fir trees, with a fixed eager gaze which changed, the moment it finally disappeared, into a look of intense relief. The tears glistened in her eyes and her lips trembled. It had been a great strain on her, but thank God it was over. He had gone. Thank God for it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SPRING DOOR.

The carriage which was conveying Lord Alceston back to some more civilized regions, had scarcely proceeded more than a couple of miles when its occupant thrust his head out of the window and called to the driver to stop. The man pulled up at once, and turned round to find that his lordship had dismounted and was standing by his side.

"Look here, my man," he said slowly, "do you want to earn a sovereign?"

"I shouldn't make no objection to that, your lordship," answered the man, touching his hat with a broad grin of anticipation. By his accent and readiness of speech he was evidently no provincial.

"Very well then, listen to me, and I'll tell you how," Lord Alceston continued. "I've altered my mind about going away to-day. Don't ask any questions, but just do as I tell you. Drive back to the inn, and simply say that you were not wanted, but are to come to the house for me to-morrow morning. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, your lordship. Am I to drive you back to the castle now or leave you here?"

"You are to leave me here. I shall return on foot."

"Very good, your lordship," the man answered, gathering up his reins.

"You can go."

"Very good, your lordship."

"There, why don't you start?"

The man touched his hat and smiled insinuatingly.

"There was a small amount to be earned, your lordship."

"And you want it in advance, do you?" Lord Alceston remarked, smiling, and feeling in his pocket.

"Well, it's like this, your lordship," the man said, confidentially, "they might not put me on the job to-morrow, and then, you see——"

Lord Alceston handed him up the coin.

"There you are, then. You're no fool, I see. Remember to keep a still tongue in your head."

"There ain't no fear, your lordship. I know what I'm to say, and no more. I wish your lordship good afternoon."

The man drove off and left Lord Alceston standing in the middle of the road. It was barely five o'clock, but it was already almost dark. A gusty threatening wind came moaning over the bare expanse of dreary open country, and several black heavy clouds were floating low down across the gray sky. Here and there for little clumps of stunted bushes, stunted pine trees stood out like black spots on the seddened heath, and further away inland and over the distant sea hung vaporous clouds of mist shut in the view. It was as cheerless a view as could possibly be conceived, and Lord Clanavon, although he was not as a rule much affected by the surroundings of nature, felt from a shudder. However, he had a purpose before him, and he intended carrying it through, notwithstanding. He pulled himself round, and with the wind in his teeth, started back towards the castle. Directly he came within sight of the ghostly-looking pile, he altered his course, however, striking across the open country, and leaving the castle on his left. In about half an hour he had reached the side of the cliff frowning the huge bay, immediately above the cottages, and about a quarter of a mile from the castle, which was now in full view.

He looked first at the tower. There was no light there. He drew a quick breath of disappointment, although it was only what he had expected. He look around him, and choosing a flat rock, a little sheltered from the wind, he sat down and lit a cigar.

An hour passed, two hours—three hours. Lord Alceston was smoking his last cigar, his feet were numbed with cold, and his patience was almost exhausted. Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a quick exclamation. A light had suddenly appeared in the dark outline before him, and after twinkling unsteadily for a minute or two had settled down to burn with a clear, steady glow. He threw away his cigar, and watched it with a peculiar smile. There could be no possible doubt about it. It came from the chamber in the tower, the key of which was at that very moment in his pocket.

Mrs. Smith was sitting alone in her room, half parlor, half kitchen, with her eyes closed and her hands idle in her lap. Before her on the oaken table was an open Bible, a lamp, and her knitting, but neither had received very much attention from her. She was an old woman, and for her it had been a terrible day. The suspense had wearied her, and now that it was over she was feeling the strain. But she was very grateful. She felt that she had reason to be, and she was genuinely grateful.

"Hark! What was that! Surely not a clicking of the latch! It must have been the wind; a mouse! Hark! Was that not a footstep on the stone flags? Someone had entered the house! They were closing the door. Oh, God, if it should be he come back!"

She clutched the side of her chair, and slowly opened her eyes. Before her, his hair tossed by the wind and the rain streaming from his clothes, stood Lord Alceston, with pale set face, and holding something in his right hand which flashed and gleamed in the dancing firelight. She looked at him, dumb, her eyes glazed with an unutterable horror, and her aged limbs shaking. It was an awful moment. The perspiration stood in great beads on her dry wrinkled forehead. Often afterwards she wondered that the strings of her life had not snapped with the tension. It was enough to have killed her.

His voice broke the spell which had numbed all her senses.

"Mrs. Smith," he said sternly, "you have lied to me about that room. There is someone in there now. I am going to solve this mystery for myself."

Consciousness had come to her like a flash. She knew what it was he proposed to do; she foresaw the result. She saw the stern set look in his face, and the barrel of the revolver in his hand. It was the face of a man unadunted, indomitable, fearless. Yet she tried her best.

She threw herself on her knees before him. She grovelled at his feet.

"My lord," she cried, "listen to me! Be warned! As sure as there is a God in Heaven I swear to you that you will repent it every day of your life if you do this thing."

He looked at her curiously, but utterly unmoved.

"Though I face death itself, I shall go to that room and discover its occupant," he said, quietly. "You have done ill in keeping this thing secret from me, whatever it be, and if you have made my house the refuge of criminals you shall answer for it, old woman though you are. Get up! You do no good there."

She sprang towards him, and wound her arms around his neck to hold him back. He disengaged himself as gently as he could, but still with some little force. With a shriek which rang through the bare rooms and empty ruined corridors, and awoke a thousand strange echoes at every corner, she sank back upon the bare stone floor fainting.

He hesitated, but it was only for a second. She must take her chance. He could do little for her if he stayed, and if the secret of her room had reached the tower he might find the occupant fled. Catching up the lamp in his left hand he hurried away along the wide gallery. Twice he lost his way and had to retrace his steps, and many times he stumbled over the startled rats and nearly fell. At last he reached the ruined corridors leading to the tower, and his heart gave a great leap. He strode along with the key ready in his hand. When he reached the part where there was a great gap in the side a sudden gust of the wind blew his lamp out, threw it away over the side, and heard it go crashing down below. With his free hand he drew his revolver from his pocket, and hurried on.

He reached the door and thrust the key in the lock. It was stiff, and creaked in the turning. There was a sound from inside like a sharp report. Lord Clanavon, with a final wrench, threw the door open and stepped quickly inside.

A lamp was burning on the table which had been his father's, and a book lay open beside it. There was a strong smell of tobacco in the room and other evidences of recent occupation. But the room had no occupant. It was empty.

Lord Alceston looked eagerly around for some clue as to the means by which the mysterious occupant had escaped him. Suddenly a certain part of the floor attracted his notice. The oaken beams were asiant from a certain point, as though on a hinge. He stooped down to examine them closer, and saw at once that they formed a trap door. He lifted it and below was an iron ladder leading into darkness beneath the tower.

He did not hesitate for more than a moment. Then slipping his revolver into his pocket and grasping the sides of the ladder with both hands, he commenced his descent. Five, six, seven, eight steps he counted. Then it began to get a little lighter, and from the ninth he stepped on to some sort of flooring. There was no sound, no sign of anyone else being near.

He struck a match and looked curiously about him. He was in a chamber similar in shape, only smaller, than the one which he had just quitted, but windowless, and with no signs of ever having been regularly used as a human habitation. The walls were damp and spotted with fungi and huge cobwebs, the floor was rough and uneven, and a vault-like musty smell filled the place. The only light came from a small opening in the wall on the seaward side, which seemed also to afford the sole means of ventilation.

A little heap in the far corner attracted Lord Clanavon's attention, and he made his way carefully towards it. Until though the place was, it had evidently been used by someone as a temporary lodging, for here in the driest portion was a heap of bedclothes, linen, and a few other articles bundled together as though in great haste with the view of hiding them. Directly he saw them, Lord Clanavon knew that the object of his search could not be far away.

He struck another match and looked around to see what means of egress the place afforded. Almost opposite him was a small wooden door, rotten with age and tottering on its hinges. Some efforts seemed to have been made to strengthen it, for great iron hooks were roughly tied up with rope, but there was neither lock nor bolt to it.

Lord Clanavon looked at it for a minute, and then took a quick step forward and lit another match. There was no doubt about it. The door was shaking slightly backwards and forwards, as though held on the other side by an unsteady hand, and drawing a step nearer still and listening, he could hear a faint, low sound—the sound of an exhausted and panting man struggling to hold his breath.

(To be Continued.)

Athletics.

Sporting Life, London, Eng., says: "One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States.

Analogy: False and True.

John Burroughs, in an essay in the September *Atlantic* on Analogy: False and True, which is full of analogies quoted from all kinds of writers, says:

A man's life may stagnate as literally as water may stagnate, and just as motion and direction are the remedy for one, so purpose and activity are the remedy for the other. Movement is the condition of life, any way. Set the currents going in the air, in the water, in the body, in the mind, in the community, and a healthier condition will follow. Change, diversity, activity, are the prime conditions of life and health everywhere. People with doubts and perplexities about life go to work to ameliorate some of its conditions, and their doubts and perplexities vanish, not because the problems are solved, as they think they are, but because their energies have found an outlet, the currents have been set going. Persons of strong will have few doubts and uncertainties. They do not solve the problems, but they break the spell of their enchantment. Nothing relieves and ventilates the mind like a resolution.

All trades, pursuits, occupations, furnish types or symbols for the mind. The word "whitewash" has become a very useful one, Thoreau said he would not be an one who drives a nail into more hole than plaster. Even the railroad has contributed useful terms, as side-tracked, down brakes, the red flag, etc. Great men are like the through train that connects far distant points; others are merely local. From the builder we get the effective phrase and idea of scaffolding. So much in the society is ready with varnish or veneer. He said to have its "seamy side." The lever and the fulcrum have their supersenuous uses. The chemist with his solvents, precipitations, crystalizations, attractions and repulsions, and the natural philosopher with his statics and dynamics and his correlation of forces, have contributed our share of expression. The strata of the geologist furnish a useful type. What a significant symbol is afforded by the wave! There is much in life, in history, ann in all nature that is typified by it. We have cold waves and hot waves, and in the spring and fall migrations of the birds we have "bird waves." Earthquake shocks go in waves and circles; how often our views and conceptions of things are expressed by the circle! It is a symbol of most profound meaning. It helps us to understand how the universe is finally inexplicable; that there is neither beginning nor end, and that it retreats forever into itself.

The author of John Inglesant draws this apt illustration from a common game. "Life," he says, "is like a game of cards; you cannot control the cards, but of such as turn up you must make the most." Or this, still more apt: "The election of a new pope is like a change of trumps at a game of cards. All persons and matters remain the same as they were before; yet their realms and relationships are all changed; the aspect of the entire scene is altered."

Yours faithfully,

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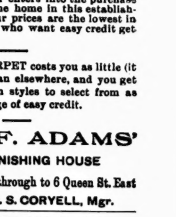

Lucullus—What's the matter with you, old feller?

Dimocles—Nothing, excepting the fact that when eggs get as cheap as that and a chap's got to pay Hamlet in Saginaw to-morrow night, it

Lucullus—Say no more, pardner. You have my sympathy!

Girlish Confidence Betrayed.

Susie—I don't want to seem flattered by the attentions of these men. I don't look as if I hadn't been used to such things, do I?

Amy—No. You look as if you were a belle before the war.

His Love for Grammar.

"Darling," he said softly, and at the same time with a certain degree of firmness, "I enjoyed your letters greatly while I was away."

"Oh, did you, George?" cried the beautiful girl, her face glowing with pleasure.

"Yes, Ethel, I did," he said, "despite the fact that I could hardly approve of some of the phrases you used."

"Oh, I know! I can't write well, George," she said penitently, while she toyed with his silken mustache, "but you knew what I meant?"

"Yes, I knew what you meant," he said, patronizingly, "but it was nevertheless open to information. Your letters cannot be too careful. I am somewhat of a stickler in that line, you know. Now, in your last letter you began 'My Dearest Darling.'"

"Oh, George!" And the beautiful girl tried to hide her blushes in his shoulder.

"Yes," he said. "Don't be foolish. That would indicate, you see, that you had more than one darling. Of course, it gives me the preference as being the dearest, but then it doesn't look right for a girl to have too many darlings. One ought to be sufficient, especially when he is engaged."

"Why, George!" She had her head off his shoulder now.

"Oh, of course, I know what you mean," he went on, in his superior way, "but one might as well be correct. Now, in another letter you called me your 'ownie own.' That doesn't make sense. 'Ownie own' conveys no more meaning than 'own.'"

"George!" There was a menace in her tone, but he was too busy with his little lesson to notice it.

"Another time——" he began.

"Never mind the other time," she interrupted.

"Why, my dear, I was only giving you a little instruction in the use of English."

"Oh, yes, my use of language doesn't suit." The beautiful girl was a trifle excited.

"My dearest——"

"But I'll improve—I'll do better. I suppose if I called a man Mr. Jones it would indicate that there were other Joneses who were not to be called 'Mister'!"

"I'm—well——"

"Um, well, yes. And if I ever meet another man named Jones, George Marion Jones, I'll take pains to call him *Mr.* Jones. Good night."

As George Marion Jones walked slowly home he resolved never again to find fault with the wording of a love letter. The next feminine heart he captures can roam at will in or out of the dictionary and the grammar.

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The Two Leos.

(Written for Saturday Night by A. L. McNab.)

In a beautiful valley, watered by a winding limpid river, flanked by towering wooded cliffs on three sides, and running down on the fourth to one of the most charming bays Canada possesses, the hamlet of G —— was situated. The scenery in the neighborhood was most varied and of the grandest types. Great rugged fir-clad hills, rocky gorges, far-stretching plains, purling brooks, rumbling water falls, glorious sunsets, and a host and a thousand other beauties were included in the attractions of G —— and therefore one need not wonder that Leo Erskineer, with his artist soul, had, without hesitation, on visiting the place, resolved to pass the summer vacation there. And it is here that we find him on the delightful June afternoon on which this sketch opens, sauntering slowly down the maple-shaded country road towards his modest farm house lodgings.

As he passes the little red-brick church on the outskirts of the village, his attention is attracted by the strains of a sweet and well trained soprano voice. He pauses a moment, approaches the door and finding it unlatched pushes it part way open and peeps cautiously in. At the organ was seated one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen. Her face was of a most perfect classic type, and the masses of golden hair which was coiled about her head was lit up by the dying sun rays to an almost heavenly radiance.

As Leo gazed on the beautiful profile presented to him, the player, as if conscious of some scrutinizing gaze, turned suddenly round and their eyes met. The girl blushed, a stranger blushed in confusion, and Leo, blushing almost as much, mumbled forth some words of apology, basely accusing the intrusion emphatically on her "entrancing voice."

The girl, having by this time regained her self-possession, and being somewhat pleased by his flattery, informs him that no apologies are necessary and without hesitancy, (being but a village girl) invites him to take a seat, adding that she is the minister's daughter and is waiting here until her father calls for her. You may be sure he was not loth to accept the invitation.

Her hands seemed to become less manageable and her eyes were constantly straying to the dark handsome stranger (for Leo was as grand a cast of manhood as the village girl was of womanhood) until at last with an impatient gesture she closed the book and the organ and turned to the visitor.

"You are a stranger in our village?"

"Yes. I anticipate spending a couple of months here. The scenery is grand and the place, like my nature, retired."

Thus they chatted for some time, neither knowing the other's name nor even thinking of asking or informing.

Then Leo begs her to sing for him. She does so, and having chosen an old Scotch love ballad, is pouring it forth with all her soul, Leo is gazing at the lovely, sad face and wondering what that strange feeling was which her presence called forth, when a step is heard outside. The door pushed open and both Leo and his companion looking up, behold the minister approaching. His face is wreathed with smiles and he seems about to make his thanking remark when his eyes fall upon Leo and the smile instantly gives place to a black cloud of anger.

"Leo!" he almost shrieks.

Both look up (the girl's name is Leoline, Leo for short), but the minister's eyes were fixed on the youth.

"Leo, how came you here? Have you in spite—" Then checking himself and turning to his daughter, "Leoline, come, go. I will overtake you. I wish to speak with this man."

Leoline (for by this name you must now know the minister's daughter) reluctantly rises to obey her father's command, wondering how he comes to think this young man and wondering still more at the striking resemblance in their names. Leo, at a stranger one last long glance, in return for which she receives one so tender that it thills her very soul, she leaves the church.

As soon as she is well out of hearing the minister again turns to Leo. "How come you here, sir? Had you not man enough about you to shift for yourself after I had cast you off, but have you again ferreted me out? Know this, young man, that I am once and for all done with you or any interview in future, I thought, I hoped was final, but it seems not so. Let this be. You will please leave the church, and while you remain here I forbid you speaking to Leoline, my daughter."

Leo's face during this insulting harangue bursts forth into a very sea of anger and he can scarcely retain the impulsive and haughty speech rising to his lips. But his better nature conquers and he remains silent until the minister has finished, then taking his hat he bids him good afternoon, adding as he is leaving:

"Tis by chance, sir, that thus we meet. I sought this village for its scenery, little suspecting that you played a pastoral part in the world and were cloistered as a minister in this remote spot. You need fear nothing hereafter from my interference as I shall leave for Toronto to night," and without deigning to hear the minister's reply he saunters from the church, leaving him half sorry, half provoked at his own impetuous conduct, and hastens towards his lodging.

Mr. Erskine, the minister, after a few moments also hurries from the building intent on overtaking Leo, but to his extreme chagrin he is nowhere to be seen. He then turns homeward, planning an excuse to account for his conduct before Leoline.

In the meantime Leo has reached his boarding house, settled his bills, packed together his traps, and just reaches the station in time to catch the night train for Toronto.

When Mr. Erskine reaches home he finds Leoline overflowing with curiosity and questions regarding his late action, but in a vague and unsatisfactory manner he explains matters and she has to be content, and although she says nothing more about the affair, her thoughts, the whole time, are on the dark-eyed, curly-haired stranger with the name so much like her own.

. . . . . .

Day after day Leoline watched for Leo in the village, but of course watched in vain. Leo was by this time in Toronto vainly trying to forget the golden-haired, village beauty who had, in the few moments they had spent together in the church, stolen his heart. But whatever he did, where ever he went, the same face haunted him. He was in love, and hopelessly, for Leoline's father was the only father he had ever known. Leoline must be his sister.

At last he decided to write to her, to explain what he knew, and find out if after all there might not be some mistake.

One morning when Leoline entered the village postoffice she was surprised to receive a rather plump letter in a strange hand-writing and bearing a Toronto post mark. With eager, trembling hands she tore open the letter (instinct told her it was from Leo) and read as follows:

"MY DEAR LEOLINE,—What fate can be sadder than ours? I love you Leoline. I love you with all my heart and have from the moment our eyes met in the old village church. But ah! my Leoline, our love (for you must love me) is hopeless. Your father is my father. I am your brother."

Leoline read no further. Scarcely controlling herself she hastened home and to her room, where, throwing herself upon the bed, she gave vent to her pent up feelings in an agonized burst of tears.

After a time she became calm and began to look the matter in the face. "Leo her brother!" she thought. 'Twas impossible. There must be some terrible mistake. She loved, and only could love Leo, and could fate be so cruel as to kindle a passion like hers, knowing it to be hopeless? Then the thought flashed across her mind of going to her father, throwing herself on his mercy, confessing her love for Leo and imploring an explanation of the relationship existing between the minister and her lover.

She goes down to the library, timidly enters, and stands all confusion before her father. He looks up and gives a miserable start at the altered appearance of his beloved daughter. She who but a few days ago was the pink of health was now wan-faced, pale and care-worn. Her noticeable decline awakened alarm and sympathy in the old minister, and drawing her toward him he says:

"What can ailing, child, little Leo? She is no longer the bright, vivacious child I once knew. Have I been unkind to you, dear? Tell me what is the matter."

Throwing herself at his feet and burying her face in her hands, she stammers:

"Leo, father—Leo—I love him. He is my life, my all—Oh! without him I cannot live. Let me die or give me Leo."

Mr. Erskine had not had the faintest idea of Leoline's affection for Leo. She had buried it so deeply that not even her changed appearance hinted of love, above all, love for the minister's Leo, and the surprise the confession had caused rendered him almost speechless for a moment. Leoline remained at his feet with downcast eyes.

"Leo, what nonsense is this? I had rather see you dead than that man's wife, even if such a thing could be."

"Then it is true, father? What Leo says is true? You are his father? Oh! why did you never tell me that I had a brother? Why did you leave him? Had you told me before this might have been avoided, but now it is too late. Oh! God, why am I thus used? Why am I not dead? Why am I thus blind, deaf to an unnatural love?" And laying her head on her father's knee she went convulsively.

The old man was completely overcome by his daughter's grief. He paused a moment, undecided, then laying his hand on her head he said, in tones which indicated that every word he uttered pierced his very heart and that the confession he was making was an ordeal which nothing but the strongest paternal love could make him undergo:

"Leoline, look up. You may love and be happy (if your happiness depends on that man's love). Leo—Leo is not your brother."

"Oh, God be thanked!—my father—" Leoline bursts forth in an almost hysteric tone as she twines her beautiful arms about the old man's neck.

"Leo! Leo! Can I love you? Oh, God! how happy I am."

When Leoline had recovered from the joyful shock sufficiently to listen to her father, he told her the following story:

Leo Erskinson was his adopted son. Before Mr. Erskine had married Leoline's mother he had been engaged to a sweet young girl, Leoline Lyons by name. He passionately loved her. They quarrelled and in the frenzy of the moment both had married. Leoline Lyons was soon after her marriage left a poor widow. But she had not long to put up with her poverty, for scarcely had her son reached his second birthday when she died. Before her death, being anxious about her son's future, and knowing from her long acquaintance and engagement with John Erskine of his manly qualities, she sent for him, and after a recollection of days past in a kind manner if he would adopt her son. John promised to do so and had faithfully kept his word. But his wife knowing of the former love for Leoline Lyons would, he thought, naturally be averse to his adopting her child and he had therefore kept him, unknown to his family, in a distant city. He had been educated by the best masters, Mr. Erskine visiting him once or twice each college term and arranging that he should travel each vacation. Leo (having been told that his mother had died during his infancy) was quite content with his mode of life and had reached the age of twenty-one without desiring to visit the town or village town where his father lived. (Leo may seem to have been very indifferent to his supposed father, but how could he be otherwise, when since his earliest recollection his only friends had been colleges, tutors, and books, and he had been taught to look upon the old man, who visited him twice a year, as the provider of the means which kept him with his beloved companions—books and travel.) Mr. Erskine had, but a few months previously, decided to inform Leo of the real state of affairs and bring him home, and had gone to the city for this purpose when they had quarrelled and in the height of his anger Mr. Erskine had cast Leo off, forbidding him ever to seek him again.

As soon as he had finished his story, Leoline threw her arms about the minister's neck and said:

"But father, you'll forgive Leo, won't you? I could not be half so happy if I knew you objected to my love. Kiss me father and say you'll forgive my Leo."

"I'll forgive him my darling," said the old man, big tears coursing down his cheeks, "I'll forgive and love him for your sake."

. . . . . .

Leo Erskinson was sitting at the window of his modest apartment in Toronto, absently looking out into the cold street. The rain was falling icily and steadily. The gas lamps were being lighted and their yellow glare seemed only to make deeper the gathering gloom of the dull October evening. The passersby, some boisterous in their merriment, others silent in their sorrow, hurried on toward their respective destinations while Leo sat at the darkening pane and thought of the one of whom he ever thought—of Leoline. His sad reverie is broken by a slight tap at the door.

His landlady pushed open the door saying: "Mr. Erskinson, here is a letter for you. The postman left it some time ago."

"A letter!" exclaimed Leo, crossing the room at a bound and unheeding any further remarks from Mrs. Goodall. He lit the gas and glanced hurriedly at the letter. It was addressed in that firm, bold hand he knew so well.

"From my father!" he said. "What can he want with me?"

Nervously he tore it open and read:

"MY DEAR LEO,—Come home to G —— at once. I have forgiven you all for Leoline's sake. Hasten, as I shall have good news for you. Your father,

"J. E. ERSKINE.

"P.S.—The news is relative to your own and my daughter's happiness."

"My father, J. E. Erskine!" said Leo, puzzled at the name. (He still thought the minister's name was Erskinson.) "There is some mystery here."

There will be no train until the morning. How can he wait? How can he live those long, weary hours without Leoline? Unheeding the rain he paces the platform. The station master, noticing him, asks him inside. But no, on—on through the long lone night he paces the rain-beaten platform, until in the grey dawn a piercing shriek warns him of the approaching train. Tired and wet he boards it; as is on his way, a welcome guest, to home and Leoline.

From the window, for long hours, Leoline has been watching for his approach. Although she knows well the hour of the train's arrival, her love kept her since morning, a constant watcher. Far down the road she sees him coming. Rushing from her room she hastens to meet him and, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaims:

"Leo! Leo! my life! my Leo! We are free to love. You are not my brother," and she hastens on with an impassioned harangue of the most disconnected phrases, every one of which Leo grasps at a moment. At the house, after a hearty reconciliation, Mr. Erskine, makes a full explanation.

Again the summer has come and G —— is all aglow with its rich beauty. Again Leo is the simple-minded country road, comes Leo Erskinson. But he is not alone this time. All beaming with health and laden with the trophies of the wood, Leoline is walking at his side. They approach the old church so dear to them now since it was here they first met and loved. By a common impulse they enter, and Leoline sitting down at the organ begins to sing the dear old song which Leo loved so well, because it was the song he first heard her sing in the Gloaming. When she had finished the last lines,

"It was best to leave you thus dear,
Best for you and best for me,"

Leo, coming nearer, throws his arms around her and says:

"It was best, our parting, my love. For in my lonely days, my days of seeming hopeless love, I learned to cherish you with an affection so pure and so holy that I for some time in me nothing to us and that our love is eternal. It can never die, can it my darling?"

And nestling herself Leoline answers: "Never."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon *must* accompany every graphological study sent in after August 15. The editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up the time of the editor and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ELIZABETH.—Judging from your writing, it, my lady, steadiness and pretty curves can be accomplished by real attentive practise.

BYRON.—Writing shows ideality, refinement, intuitive perception, dignity, a slight reserve, good temper and generosity.

MIRA, Woodstock.—Extreme ideality, independence, rather a desire for effect, some intuitive preception, little sympathy, a rash r quick temper and a capricious fancy, rather hopeful and proud.

DAISY D.—Your writing shows sense of humor, cheerfulness, self-will and great nervous energy. You are independent and decided and have sufficient perseverance, and where you like you like truly and earnestly.

OTHER.—1. You ask for your temperament only. I should say it was the choleric 2. I have not the least idea what sort of a man you would fancy probably a phlegmatic and and taciturn individual as love delights in opposites.

NOTA W.—Your writing shows a deliberate mind not apt to theorize nor gush over people or things. It is full of fun, affection and good common sense, but I cannot see that it is developed enough for a satisfactory study. Lady Day and myself return your gentle message in kind.

KATARINA.—Writing shows large ideas, and good energy, some decision of character, lack of ease and fluency, some carelessness of detail and decided love of praise and fondness for success. Writer is rather perseverting and will have something to show for his life work before he is old.

EN LEEN.—1. Work of known merit. Two or more pictures must be exhibited before the hanging committee. 2. Dues are $15 per annum. 3 Advantages are attendance at Life Class and Art School. 4. Yes; with the Canadian Art Academy. 5. I have seen some hanging just outside in Main Hall.

LITTLE BROWNIE.—1 By practising from ordinary round hand copies. 2. It is anything but pretty. You should feel ashamed if you are satisfied with it. 3. It is too informal for delineation. 4 The name is pronounced with the accent on the first two letters—thus *Ee-lyn*. It is a charming name.

MELEAGER.—A very studied and slightly affected chirography. Shows care and consideration of the world's opinion, some mannerism, lack of energy and fluency, but kindness and conscientiousness. I don't think the writer is very aged and will probably develop an improved style of writing.

LILIAN.—You small girls do write the funniest letters. Now, L'lias, do you think it is just the thing to begin a letter "Dear old," and then say "with lots of love," at the end of it? I did not write so to presumably "strange men" when I was as young as you are. I think I won't delineate your writing until it is more formed.

PERSIE.—1. Your writing shows some tenacity of purpose and good determination, rather a sensitive nature, some desire for success probably ability to gain it. You have good sense and power of judging and though you lack quickness of perception, you generally get there in your own quiet way. 2. You can improve your writing by practising carefully from round hand copies.

ADA.—Writing shows originality in thought and expression, some ambition, decided self-esteem, carelessness and lack of steadiness. You have not the easy temper or the soft kindness and conscientiousness. I don't think the writer is very aged and will probably develop an improved style of writing.

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ADA.—Writing shows originality in thought and expression, some ambition, decided self-esteem, carelessness and lack of steadiness. You have not the easy temper or the soft kindness and conscientiousness. Your taste is exacting and refined and will be probably correct. You need a good deal of training. Your ability is there, but is in danger of being wasted for lack of judicious working up.

ALICE.—I am afraid you have found out that patience is the virtue you need, Ada; also that you can't be answered out of your turn. Your writing shows rather a self-seeking nature (probably you have had this forced upon you) and a good appreciation of humor, rather a sharp temper, and though there is heart you are a little brusque in manner. Your tendency is to be discursive rather than concentrated, you would be an exacting friend and a very dangerous foe.

PEGGY.—Writing shows indifference to appearances, hasty temper, good energy, lack of perseverance, hasty judgment, not always tempered with mercy, lack of perception of the finer shades of feeling. It is the chirography of an undisciplined but capable nature, apt to win its way by downright force and self-assertion, rather than by gentler methods. The writer has ideas and will most probably bring them to a successful issue, but in reaching for success will trample under foot many a gentle enjoyment.

JESS.—1. Writing shows perseverance, perception, decided energy, hope, individuality, amiability, and a fascinating, sharp, hasty temper, and a good, ready, clear faculty for making easy traveling over over rough ground. Writer has decided quality and self-reliance. 2 If your hair is naturally scant or has come out in consequence of illness, there are various tonics and washes and vaseline and oil and may be of service. Doubtless you have ere this seen them in my column and I cannot repeat them any more. 3. Cold and early brushing does wonders.

COX.—Writing shows want of discipline and a certain willfulness. I am sure you could be sharp if you liked or your handwriting misleads me. You are capricious and egotistical, and I think you know it, and you lack gentleness and generosity. You have self-reliance and tenacity of purpose and are apt to be intense in your partialities and dislikes. You have little perception or sympathy and are what I cannot help calling a prickly person, though you are refined and probably have good qualities and a certain sense of humor.

NELL.—1. It would be impossible for me to give directions for the practice of graphology in this limited space. You can get books on it from your bookseller. An interesting article came out on the study of handwriting in a late Demorest' magazine, which though not very complete would give you some ideas. 2 Your writing shows some ideality and intuitive perception, rather a practical turn of mind, a touch of selfishness and variable moods, though you are amiable in temper, rather fond of amusements and probably popular in society.

BRAMPTON.—1. *Sordoom.* 2. A gentleman who is properly trained lifts his hat to a lady. A gentleman who doesn't know better or doesn't care enough, touches it, like a footman or workman. 3. Loud laughter renders a lady conspicuous in public, and an exhibition of amusement on the street is in bad taste. 4. Your writing shows some perception, imagination, good temper, lack of refined taste, carelessness about little things, extreme generosity in word and deed. I think you are a good sort of girl and very likeable, but you lack culture and repose.

G. S.

LACHESIS.—1. I should not be surprised if both your guesses were near the truth. The latter is not quite so good as the former. 2. If you will let me know when you are coming out I shall certainly do my best. 3. It is not necessary to call but is a graceful acknowledgement. You read not write to decline an invitation to an afternoon At Home. 4. I should strongly urge the latter. 5. There is a special reason why the exams are held at that time, but it would be much more comfortable were the date changed. 6. Your writing shows fleetly, slight intuition, some love of social intercourse, curiosity, some mirth and hope, honesty and generosity, a little self-esteem, not enough decision, and rather a tendency to fruitless effort.

ENGLISH VIOLET.—1. I have never heard of the book but will look into it for you. 2. Yes, it is quite the fashion to use red and light trousers with mauve gloves and tie. 3. Your writing shows candor, truth, dignity and amiability. You are fond of the beautiful and yet so jolly and fond of fun. You are imaginative, idealistic and a little fond of your own way, have ability and some amount of culture. Have you been "scanning the correspondence column" every Saturday since you wrote. Then you must be worn out. It is quite impossible to answer you out of your turn, and I'm sure you did not stop to think when you required an answer on the next Saturday, but then, stopping to think is just what you don't do as a general thing.

XANTIPPE.—1 The twelfth of July is the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. It was fought in the final struggle for civil and religious liberty in England. I cannot tell you how the masses have managed to make of it a religious cause of dispute. 2 Your second question has been answered before this by events. 3. Writing shows imagination, erratic impulse, self-will and some energy but not always directed and controlled by good judgment. I should fancy you would enjoy active employment and fret under confinement. You did not write to me but to my predecessor consequently I am not your debtor. You have some capability and when you think it worth while can persevere very steadily, are sensitive to praise and don't like criticism. Your writing lacks care, thought and consistency.

KITTEN, Brantford.—1. I think I have another correspondent who uses your *nom de plume*, my feline friend, therefore I have located you. 2. Your writing shows tact and consideration, love of praise, imaginative power, some energy and ability, good powers of observation and a whole-some lack of conceit. You are good tempered and have rather a pretty dignity which is unusual in one who is not very mature—as I doubt your being. This youthfulness will prevent my saying bad things about your lack of decision, and a few other little short comings which time is bound to cure. You write a charming letter and I suppose you have by this time returned to Toronto. I think you would be more at ease in the pretty picture of your midsummer home instead of tantalizing me so. Lady Gay's love to you, Kitten.

PERRY.—1. There is no impropriety in asking a gentleman for his picture but it is rather an undignified and unwise thing to do. It is a little more wise to exchange with him. I cannot fancy a really nice girl making herself so cheap as that. 2. It is never necessary to thank your partner for the dance. Gentlemen are supposed to be on his side and he looks upon it as an honor and privilege if he is a gentleman. When you are old and less sought after you will know more about it, and it is allowable to thank him prettily for so doing, encouraging him to be courteous and polite and to ladies who are past their *jeunesse dorée*. 3. When the hostess can afford it, it is much more agreeable to have refreshments and "dancing people," to have a pianist, but for a small party, if the hostess plays well and some of her guests are also performers, it is more friendly to depend on them. 4. Your writing shows caprice and indecision, vanity and self-will, a disposition to trifling, but rather about things that don't that's a collection of undesirable traits! But you are also good-natured and kind, fond of humor and appreciative of the well made and well bought, and have good natural ability and would be a very sunbeam in cloudy times, can endure a lot for those you love and can love them dearly.

How to Live on $1,000 a Year.

Most of us remember the discussions that took place a few years ago in the London papers, and the numerous letters that appeared in the *Times* during the fifty seasons as to the various ways of living on £500 a year. In Canada there are more salaries of $1,000 than there are of five hundred pounds sterling. One of the great items of expense is dress. Few ladies seem to realize that an outward garment may be ever so thin, provided that a pure wool "Health Band" underwear be worn next the skin. None genuine unless stamped "Health."

Philosophy From Texas.

Cloves on the breath is a plea of guilty.

The parlor is the matrimonial market-place.

A poem is a clearly stated fact with whiskers on it.

The trouble with the crank is that he will turn only one way.

The rooster crows at daybreak to wake up all the hens for business.

There is more good common sense in the French clock than in any other kind.

Carving white pine goods boxes with a pocket-knife is a profession and not a trade.

For Seasickness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. W. Blackman, Brooklyn, N. Y., says "I am very much pleased with it in seasickness. Several cases have been brought to my attention where it afforded prompt and entire relief."

Of Human Interest.

Morris—Has Dumley any rare coins in his numismatic collection?

Norris—Yes. He has the first quarter ever saved by Russell Sage, and the only honest dollar ever made by Jay Gould.

EVERY LADY WHO

visits the Exhibition grounds should go straight to the exhibit of the new celebrated

"HEALTH BRAND"

undervests. Attendants will be on hand to **GIVE AWAY SAMPLES** of the wool from which the public can satisfy themselves that it is absolutely pure and good.

FOR SALE BY

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Toronto

All the new styles for this fall will be in show cases at the Exhibition grounds.

A DECIDED HIT

Never was a more decided hit made than when "Sunlight" Soap was put on the market, revolutionizing, and converting millions of women to adopt a clean, easy and economical way. Have you tried it yet? Don't hesitate, for "Sunlight" will please you.

Can You Believe It?

We know it is hard to believe, and yet it is true, that every day persons who ask for CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, have handed out to them something which looks like C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S, and yet is not.

They are put up in a RED wrapper, and they closely imitate "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S" in general appearance. But it is a fraud!!!

The unsuspecting purchaser who wants CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS because he knows their merit, and is sure of their virtues, goes home with a fraud under his pocket.

HEED THE WARNING.

Don't be deceived and do not be imposed upon with an imitation of what you want. You want CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, because you know their value and their merit. THEY NEVER FAIL.

When you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, ask for "C-A-R-T-E-R'S," be sure you get "C-A-R-T-E-R-'-S," and take nothing but the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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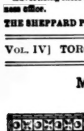
Misquotations.



NOTHING is more frequent and nothing more execrable than to hear a person essay a quotation from some popular writer, only to get it all wrong. One can scarcely listen to a lecture, or doze over a sermon, or join a conversation, without being forced to hear some well known passage mutilated and spoiled. Perhaps all people do not mix things so horribly as the Kentucky "Colonel" who in delivering a political oration bawled forth in a moment of eloquence and perspiration, "with Tennyson I exclaim, 'Better fifty years in Europe than a circus in Cathay!'" But though that is an extreme case, it really is very little more ridiculous than many that occur in our very midst. Some people would scarcely believe me if I stated that there is a text book on geography, by a very good authority on that subject, in which a passage from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is quoted as follows:

> "The very deep did rot, O Christ!
> *That such a thing should ever be!*
> Yea, slimy things did crawl on legs
> Over the slimy sea."

The thought of the passage is not changed in the least; but any one acquainted with the original will see that the carelessness of the author of the book in question has permitted changes which utterly destroy the dignity and rhythm of the verse.

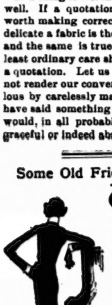
The change is still less noticeable, but the damage is just as great, when one of Longfellow's best known verses is made to read as follows, as it was the other day by a writer in a big Canadian daily:

> "I stood on the bridge at midnight
> *When the city clocks struck* the hour,
> And the moon rose o'er the city
> Behind the dark church tower."

If a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well. If a quotation is worth making, it is worth making correctly. The finer and more delicate a fabric is the more easily is it injured, and the same is true of literature. Hence, at least ordinary care should be taken in making a quotation. Let us each see to it that we do not render our conversation or writings ridiculous by carelessly making a writer appear to have said something in a way that he himself would, in all probability, have considered ungraceful or indeed absurd.

J. A. T.

Some Old Friends Back Again.



ON Monday the relatives from the country will be with us, but another group of visitors, not so large perhaps but making up in dignity and importance what it lacks in numbers, has been with us for a week and will remain until the Exhibition is over. This group of visitors is composed of the gentry known as "fakirs." And what unction and good nature and popularity that name implies. To a certain extent these we have always with us; but during Exhibition the itinerant men of business or "honest tradesmen," who yearly wander over nearly the whole civilized part of this continent, gravitate to Toronto and the streets fairly blossom with them. One, an old friend of this paper, struck town last Saturday. He entered the business office with an easy, nonchalant air, expressing a good-natured toleration of our presence there. He wasn't a bit afraid of the cashier. He didn't seem to take our view that the cashier was a person to be conciliated, to be treated with an awe-flavored respect, and we were aghast to hear him accost the personage by an impudent abbreviation of his surname. Then he acknowledged his acquaintance with another member of the staff and referred to him as "Chappie" and "his dudelets." Then he looked patronizingly at the rest of us and at the canvas representation of the Seven Ages of Man that adorns the financial sanctum, and proceeded to narrate a few of his experiences during the past eighteen months, and to inform us of his abilities as a "Gaiety dancer," and seasoned his account with choice *morceaux* of the latest slang, brought by him fresh from Chicago. When he left the office he seemed to consider the paper as poverty-stricken, he being richer by but twenty cents.

Our friend the gaiety dancer is but one of many old friends whom one meets and expects to meet in Exhibition time. There is Hank, he of the egg-bag trick. I have not seen him yet, but the treat is in store for me during the coming week. No doubt he is in some public spot of the city now, with his Wild West cough-drops and sombrero and buckskin coat. I can see his flaring torch, which throws a fitful light o'er a throng of washed and unwashed faces. He is saying, with an unctuous twang:

"Well, friends, one morun' I struck a little hotel in Arkansaw. Landlord says: 'Hello, Hank, whar yeh ben? What'll yeh have for breakfast?'"

"'What yeh got?' ses I.

"'Antelope steaks,' ses he.

"'Ben eatin' antelope steaks every mornin' for two months. What else yeh got?' ses I.

"'Fresh salmon,' says he.

"'Ben eatin' fresh salmon ev'ry evenin', for six months. Eggs is what I want. Got any eggs?' ses I.

"'Hank,' ses he, 'thar ain't an egg in this hull state of Arkansaw. All the hens is on strike since this labor agitation.'

"'It don't matter,' ses I. 'I've got to have eggs fur breakfast.'

"'It's no use, Hank,' ses he.

"'But I've got to have 'em,' ses I, and I was getting hot.

"'Well, Hank,' he ses, 'I'll have to bring out that old egg-bag of my grandfather's.'"

Here Hank is diving his hands into his worn, old valise and produces a moth-eaten flannel bag.

"Well, he went and took an or'nery-lookin' bag like this—he took that ere bag and he turned it inside out like this, you will observe gentlemen that there is nothin' inside it, then he shook it out like this and an egg dropped out like this."

An egg drops out sure enough and Hank repeats the turning and shaking until four eggs are before him, then he proceeds:

"And now friends, havin' shown the famous egg-bag trick, I wish to call your attention to the great Wild West cough-drops (or whatever else he may have). I see some people movin' off. Yeh come here, and watch me do all my tricks and thinks I do it solely to amuse yeh (and there is a withering contempt in his voice), so I do. But I want yer money jest the same. If yeh haven't got any money I don't want yeh hee-ar"—and so on. Hank is one of many. He sells patent medicines generally. But when prosperous he is resplendent in a black velveteen coat and is a museum proprietor. He holds the controlling interest in the "man-eating cannibal girl" or the Caucasian woman (the only genuine one in this country!), and he sometimes sports an Heroidian mystery—a pretty girl without a body, or rather, a head without a girl to sit upon.

There is a certain attraction about the personality of fakirs. One is, in an apologetic way, proud of their acquaintance. My friends in the theatrical world would probably resent it if I were to say that it is the same as that which a member of the "profesh" exercises off the stage, but probably there isn't much difference. Fakirs sometimes exist in higher walks of life than those of which I have been writing. As one of the lower ten of the guild might express it, "Our brudders goes in society, some on 'em, and wears dress suits and makes love to pretty girls. An' some of us wears white chokers an' long hair or slick whiskers. But *we* knows each other."

If one was to elaborate on the gentlemen of the latter species somebody's feelings might get hurt. The ministerial fakir, of whom Toronto has more than her due share, is about the only one of his class that one would like to see run out of town. But he also possesses the personal attraction of his humbler brethren, and that is why he so often adorns lecture platforms and high-priced pulpits.

The farmers and the fakirs meet next week, but many will meet again, perhaps, in the coming six weeks in all parts of Canada at every little township and fair the white-chokered fakir may perhaps also meet the farmer this winter on many a school house or town hall platform.

TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

Some time ago I stated that I had heard that Mr. Cassitt had been appointed organist of Bond street Congregational church. From what I have since heard and seen I must conclude that I was misinformed. The presence in the city for a few days of Mr. J. Lewis Browne of Minneapolis and his excellent organ playing at that church on several occasions, seem to me to indicate that the position will fall into his hands. Some of the principal members of the music committee when asked about the matter on Monday evening looked very wise and very proud, and one of them went so far as to mention an amount larger than is now paid to any city organist, as Mr. Browne's probable honorarium. Mr. Browne gave a private recital on Thursday afternoon, had charge of the services on Sunday, and gave a public recital on Monday evening. The church on the last occasion was completely filled and Mr. Browne's long programme was listened to with the greatest attention, its numbers receiving warm and unstinted applause. His selections were of course to some extent limited by the rather circumscribed scope of the instrument, the two overtures, the Egmont and Zampa, being special sufferers from this cause. They were well played, but not much could be attempted or done in the way of reproducing orchestral effects.

*

The purely organ music played by Mr. Browne showed him to be possessed of an excellent technique, great readiness of resource as to combinations, and extremely good taste. He was especially satisfactory in his playing of Dubois Toccata in G, the well known Handel Largo, and Tours' Berceuse. Some of his numbers being played from piano score enabled his hearers to judge of his taste and readiness. His own concert variations on old St. Anne's tunes showed his scholarship and his ready extemporization on a theme handed in to him from the audience showed his intelligent mastery of the various musical forms introduced. Altogether, Mr. Browne will be an acquisition to our musical forces, if final arrangements are made between the church and him. Miss Maud Carter sang the Morning Hymn from Costa's Eli and Parker's Jerusalem very pleasingly, similar excellence attending the performance of the Jewel Song from Faust by Miss Maud Lane. Both young ladies were recalled and sang additional numbers.

*

Mr. W. Edgar Buck has returned from his Continental trip where he has been busy picking up new ideas and new music. He met the committee of the Toronto Vocal Society on Friday last, and a vigorous campaign of unaccompanied part singing may be expected. The Society's first rehearsal takes place on Monday, September 21.

*

There is a probability that the Harmony Club will make an effort to begin its work in the early part of the season this year, instead of during its second half as heretofore. This would seem a wise policy as the members would be full of energy and enterprise, fresh from the summer's rest, instead of being tired and weary with the season's social functions.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

DURING the past ten days I have seen one variety show and three variety farces, which are the same thing. This means that I have seen almost every conceivable way of kicking up the heels, whether masculine or feminine; that I have heard Irish talked in divers accents; that all the light musical clap-trap of the day must be running in my head, and also that I am loaded up with unholy gags, new and old. For instance, here is one I heard at some performance and which I have been industriously springing on my married friends ever since. "If marriages are made in Heaven, where do married men get all the brimstone?" In the privacy of my bedroom, too, I am tempted to emulate many of the dancers and high kickers, a desire which I manage to check. I suppose the reason of all this is that at the opening of the season one is somewhat impressionable and is also indisposed to be critical. Since this is so it is wise for managers to rush in variety farce, if it must be, at the beginning of the season. Stuart Robson and other dramatic authorities have prophesied the death of the so-called farce comedy before many moons, when its place will be taken by genuine refined farce of the class of Dr. Bill and Aunt Jack. Let us then be kind to variety farce in its last days, and though we would not prolong its life be patient with its failings from a dramatic standpoint.

*

Natural Gas is said on its programme to be the greatest of all shows of its kind, and this is not an exaggeration. Girard and Donnelly are inimitable themselves and they carry a first-class company with them. Their songs are new and the jokes fresh, and the dancing, not so much of it as usual, is good. The chief fault to be found with the performance was its great length, and the two choruses in costume; Belles of the Period and Sporty Boys Without a Cent could be omitted without detriment to the show. These choruses are decidedly conventional and inane, the costumes not beautiful, and in the case of the men, silly. They are said to be designed by Baron de Grim, and in looking at them one echoes the verdict of the critics on the baron's caricatures, that they "can't catch on." Mr. Donnelly in his work in the first act showed an ability which should shine in dramatic work of a higher plane. His unctuous stage presence makes him a host in himself. Mr. Girard in his facial expressions and physical agility was inimitable, while his voice and method of singing have established his popularity. His singing of He Winked the Other Eye brought down the house. His performance of Gooda Monk imitating all the actions of an organ grinder's monkey pronounce him to be, with the exception of Harry Dixey, the best mimic on the American stage. The singing and specialties of both pricipals in the second act were good in their kind, and the egg trick was most funny and curious. Miss May Howard suffered from a cold during the early part of the week, but her singing showed that she had a splendid voice when in good condition. Miss Kitty Kursale did some fair singing and pretty dancing, and puckered her lips so sweetly in the chorus of The Whistling Chinaman, as to merit a triple recall on Monday night. Neither must the excellent Irish comedy of Miss Annie Mack Berlein be neglected. Miss Berlein has a really funny personality, and she was very popular. The other young ladies were comely and well costumed. Mr. George Murphy, though apparently an Irishman, spoke a good German accent. His pathetic recitation was a welcome interlude to the rest of the performance and was well rendered. By the way, pathetic recitations in a German accent seem to be getting popular. In Two Ola Cronies last week Mr. Frank Wills also recited one. Two funny fellows were Mr. Pete Mack and Mr. Sagar Midgley, the former in burnt cork, and the latter in juvenile comedy. Mr. Wallace Black has transferred his splendid physique from the Dixey Company to Natural Gas. He principally appears at the end of the second act in the elongation scene, which, though he fulfills his part to the best of his ability, is altogether vulgar and "beastly" and should be dropped.

*

At the Academy last week another variety farce, entitled Two Old Cronies, was on. The performance was one at which you would heartily laugh, although if you were an octogenarian the jokes might recall boyhood's days. It would take such an archeologist as Mr. Baring-Gould to trace some of those gags back into the original Sanscrit. Some of the jokes were new, however, if there is anything new under the sun, and the costuming was splendid. Miss Blanche Chapman, the leading lady, was an agile dancer and a humorous singer. Miss Josie Domaine possessed a voice better than the average of variety companies. The wing dancing of Miss Crowell was well received and Miss Norma Wills was pleasing. The other young ladies were good-looking and sprightly. Mr. Frank Wills spoke a good German accent. His pathetic recitation, spoken of above, was the best thing he did, and he was ably supported by his brother, Mr. John R. Wills. Mr. Montie Collins did some clever dancing and Mr. Frank Howard, formerly of the Sea King opera company, sang He Who Fights and Runs Away in a very acceptable manner.

*

Wing dancing seems to be the thing in dancing this season. Last week no less than three companies introduced it as a feature of their performances at all three theaters. To those who are uninitiated into the mysteries of this dance, I may say that it is an ordinary dance, danced as fast as the orchestra can play, the rest of the company keeping time by clapping their hands. The best performance of this kind was by Miss Lillian Ramsden of Hoss and Hoss. Hoss and Hoss was another variety success, although it is sometimes rather vulgar for a Grand audience. The Spanish dancing of Miss Louise Allen was very fine, and at one performance she was recalled until she fainted. Miss Yohe is a pleasing young lady with a fine contralto voice, and was well received. Her Italian love-song was especially well rendered. The other young ladies were comely and sang well. Mr. Charlie Reed sang a burlesque on Comrades, the same one, by the way, that is being sung this week by Maggie Cline, with Tony Pastor, and by a Royal Midget at the Academy. Messrs. William Collier and Arthur Moulton were popular. It was a good company "all through."

*

The ever popular Tony Pastor was at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week, and drew big houses. His songs were new and funny. Miss Maggie Cline also got great applause with her splendid Irish songs. Another good feature was the dancing of the La Blanche sisters. There were three of them and they gave a representation of the wicked Don Juan's breaking into a convent. An exceedingly pretty Miss La Blanche was the bold, bad man, and her two sisters represented school-girls. One of them, I do not know how to specify her unless by saying that she wore black underclothing and a rose-colored dress, did some truly wonderful kicking and a great deal of it. Though young and skittish she was truthful, and when Juan asked her what kind of a school this was, she replied by jumping up in the air and throwing out her toes in a wide-spreading swoop, six successive times. This was expressive and veracious. It was considerably that kind of a school. The Leonards, brother and sister, were clever, as were the Irish comedians Conroy and Fox. The show travels under its proper name and it is a really good one of its kind.

*

The Royal Midgets at the Academy are a company of Liliputians, all of whom are between forty and forty-three inches in height, except one who is a giant of forty-six inches. They played a musical fantasy, founded on the immortal Gulliver's Travels. Admiral Dot, Major Doyle and Little Chip are quite well known in Toronto. The little men and women act intelligently and sang pleasantly. They were all good, Miss Jennie Quigley as Lady Flumflap especially so. Her minuet with Admiral Dot was very pleasing. The half dozen adults were good, too. Miss Adelyne DeLorme as Mollie, Harry DeLorme as Gulliver, her lover, and Clement St. Martin as the pompous mayor, her father, were excellent. There was also some graceful dancing by the diminutive Barrison sisters and a ballet artistically mounted.

*

At Tony Pastor's performance on Tuesday afternoon I noticed Mr. H. V. Donnelly (and his single-barrelled eye-glass) Mr. E. Girard, Miss May Howard and other young ladies of the company. They came as the guests of Mr. Pastor.

*

I had a pleasant chat the other day with Signor Pier Delasco, who last season supported Juch. Signor Delasco has been shooting and fishing near Penetang, and speaks very enthusiastically of northern Ontario. He also speaks hopefully of the coming season for grand opera. He will either travel with the Hess Opera Co., and support Minnie Hauk, or remain stationary in the San Francisco Stock Co., with the French tenor, Guille.

*

Next week at the Grand will be produced, under the management of Mr. Herbert Shepard, who is well known in Toronto, and the son of Mr. O. B. Sheppard, a comedy, or rather a true farce-comedy, entitled Dr. Bill. To readers of English and American papers this comedy is well known, although it has never before been acted in Toronto. The Chicago *Journal* says: "The first presentation here last night pleased the critical audience that filled the Columbia Theater so well that they will talk about it among their friends and thus start the wave of excitement to rolling. People who prefer seeing a performance that amuses and causes laughter will surely patronize this one. It has a roar in almost every sentence, a shout in every situation, and a wild, unrestrained howl in every scene. Men and women seemed to let their risibilities have full play last night. They did not exactly fall off their seats, but such an array of red faces, the result of unrestrained merriment, has seldom been witnessed." Murat Halstead, Dr. Fordyce Barker and General Sherman—all spoke of it in the highest terms, and the press are unanimous in its praises. A good company plays it, and for myself I expect a treat. As the general is pretty acute, I expect a large portion of it will be at the Grand with me on Monday night.

*

In the last act of Natural Gas a very artistic drop curtain, painted by Mr. Geo. Penson, adorns the proscenium. It was initiated on Monday night and is above the average of scene painting.

*

The well known Pearl of Pekin plays at the Academy next week. This afternoon Dowling & Hasson play the Red Spider at Jacobs & Sparrows.

TOUCHSTONE.

Spurgeon's Wit.

One day, while dining at the house of a friend, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon was heard to say that he had lived for three months on nothing but milk. This gave rise among the company to several questions as to what prevented him from eating solid food, from what complaint he was suffering, how his strength was maintained, what sort of milk was it, and in what quantity did he take it. After everyone's curiosity was fully aroused, Mr. Spurgeon, with a twinkle of fun in his dark eyes, said, "Ask my mother."

The Best Authority.

Young Husband—My dear Melanie, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad.

Wife—All imagination; it says in the cookery-book that it tastes excellent!—*Nebelspalter.*

The Three Sketchers.

For Saturday Night.

They sat on the sandy shore,
With a huge umbrella above,
They turned their backs to the fickle sea,
To talk of their mutual love.
She sketched a rock, and he sketched her face
And over and over they told
The story we all have told some time,
The story that never grows old.

I felt a sort of a jealous pang,
A cynic they say am I,
With a heart as cold as a field of ice,
But memories do not die;
And I thought of another and sweeter face,
And eyes with a light divine,
Of a dimpled chin and ravishing lips
That were once upturned to mine.

And I hated the fellow, who seemed to parade
His happiness there to me,
And I noticed, somehow, the tide had turned,
For I sketched a boat on the sea;
But they neither heeded the wind nor tide
That chilled me through and through,
And I hated myself and the world beside,
As cynical bachelors do.

I sprang up the cliff with an angry bound,
One backward glance I gave,
And the old umbrella was spinning around
On the crest of a dancing wave.
Forlorn and drenched with the blinding spray,
They were scrambling out to the shore,
For Neptune quarrels with Cupid sometimes;
The breakers swept on before.

I smiled a smile of malicious joy,
For I am the meanest of men,
And he ordered pistols and coffee for two,
For I sketched them there and then.

EMMA PLAYTER SEAURY.

Ere the Sun Dies.

For Saturday Night.

Into the purple west
The sun sinks low;
Over the ocean's breast
The winds soft blow;
Piercing the forest glade,
The crimson gleam
Slanting through walls of shade,
A golden sheen.

Love with the wine-dark eyes
Come to me now,
Ere yet the moon doth rise
Whisper thy vow;
Tell me that thou art mine
E'en till death part,
While the sun's last rays shine
Pledge me thy heart.

Ah, if thou could'st but know
Half that I feel!
Here where the wild flowers blow,
Dearest, I kneel
Low in the daisied grass,
Longing for thee,
While lonely breezes pass
Out to the sea.

Love with the dusky hair
Night cometh on,
Haste, for the day so fair
Soon will be gone.
See, even now the sun
Dying, sinks low.
Come! ah, my dearest one,
I love thee so!

LAURIEN DARK.

An Invitation.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sunset on the old mill stream,
The lonely willows sigh;
And on the water, like a dream,
The golden colors lie.

And yonder empty, shatter'd house
Shoots from its broken panes
Reflective beauties, and from yon
Tall steeple glory flames.

Two snow-white swans glide gently past,
Like spirits of the blest;
And many a graceful water-ring
Now dots the glassy crest.

'Tis twilight on the old mill stream,
The lonely willows sigh:
And on the water, like a dream,
The crimson colors die.

The woodland symphonies are done,
Except that now and then
A sleepy trill, or drowsy run
Steals from the dark'ning glen.

Come forth, my lonely forest queen,
The pearly gates of day
Are closing, that thy starry sheen
May shed a sweeter ray.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

My Sweetheart.

For Saturday Night.

"This is the girl I love—
She is fair and bright,
And her laughter light
Is a thing that I dream of day and night.
And her roguish face
With its winsome grace
Fills every nook and every part
And every inch of my anxious heart."

So said a youth one day,
As up and down
He rode thro' the town
With a world of love in his eyes of brown.
"I am young, I know,
To be dreaming so,"
And the long dark lashes trembled low,
"But the years are fleet
And when next we meet
I may lay my heart at her dainty feet."

God bless the earnest face,
And the deep brown eyes
Grown grave and wise
With the dawn of a dream that never dies.
And bless the heart
That will never part
With the first sweet love of his boyish days,
Holding it, trusted and true, always.

GALATEA.

In Dreamland.

For Saturday Night.

Oft in dreamland by the firelight
My darling comes to me
In the soft, sweet twilight,
From o'er the deep blue sea.

And the music of his footstep
Is sweeter far to me
Than the melody of the linnet
Or the robin in the lea.

The door he opens softly,
Soon by my side he stands,
His eyes meet mine so fondly
With loving clasp of hands.

And the starlight and the moonlight
Have flooded all my room,
Ere in dreamland by the firelight
My love's dear face were gone.

R.

Noted People.

George Haven Putnam has just received his cross of the Legion of Honor from the French government for his services in bringing about the enactment of an international copyright law.

Augustus Harris, a popular and successful manager of London theaters, has been knighted by the Queen. When he had absorbed enough box-office receipts to make him rich, he sought honors in politics, and last year became Sheriff of London.

The last thatched cottage of the olden time in London has been destroyed. It fronted on the Green at Shepherd's Bush, and there is good ground for believing that Myles Syndercomb, the prime mover in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell, once lived in the house.

The copy of Horace which Longfellow used while a student at Bowdoin College sixty-eight years ago is preserved there as a sacred relic. It bears not only the poet's signature, but also that of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who graduated at the college in 1824.

The Hon. Mrs. Craven who died in Paris recently was a remarkable woman in some respects. Although she wrote some excellent novels and earned name and fortune, she did not take up her pen until she was past threescore-and-ten, when the loss of her husband's fortune rendered it necessary that she should find some means of support.

The wife of the late Count von Moltke was an Englishwoman, the step-daughter of the marshal's sister. Notwithstanding the disparity of years, the marriage was an unusually happy one, and the count was deeply afflicted when his wife died, some years ago, and has mourned her death ever since. He caused a fine mausoleum to be built for her on his Silesian estate.

Mrs. Harrison's artistic taste is conspicuously shown in the refurnishing of the two White House parlors. The East Room is radiant in white and gold with plush covering for the furniture of a deeper tint of gold. The walls of the Blue Room are hung with brocaded blue satin, and delicate blue brocaded curtains are at the windows. A deeper blue brocade velvet is used for the furniture, and the wood-work of the room is white, with artistic fretwork.

The Duke of Cumberland, eldest son of the last King of Hanover, is said to own no less than nine tons of gold and silver plate, while that used by Queen Victoria during the recent state visit of the German Emperor is estimated to be worth $10,000,000. The Austrian and Russian courts also have remarkable collections, and the gold and silver plate of the house of Orange at the Hague, which includes two thousand silver dinner plates, is valued at $6,500,000.

A good story is told of the love which Prime Minister Delyannis of Greece has for his dogs. He was crossing the Piræus on an English steamer some years ago when his pet dog fell overboard. He begged the captain to stop the steamer and save the animal, but the Englishman replied that his orders were strict, and that he could not delay the ship even if a man instead of a dog were drowning. Delyannis at once jumped overboard and swam toward his pet, when the ship was stopped and both were saved.

Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Harrison, excellent sightseers as they are, appear to be richly enjoying their continental trip. In Vienna, where they were the guests of the United States Minister, Colonel Grant, and Mrs. Grant, they received many attentions, not only from their compatriots, but also from members of aristocratic Austrian society. In Baden-Baden, where they spent some days, they were the observed of all observers at the Reunion ball, to which the numerous attendance of Americans gave a special *éclat*. Both ladies will have much to relate on their return to Washington.

Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is small of stature, has a small mouth, a weak chin and prominent forehead, and is slightly deaf. His eyes are large, luminous and expressive, and his manner cordial and unaffected. He shares his pleasant bachelor quarters with Theodore Watts, the painter and critic, with whom he takes long walks in the country, taking long strides with his eyes fixed on the ground. He never carries an umbrella, even in the stormiest weather, and is fond of distributing cakes and candies among the children whom he meets.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria wears the most ornate and costly raiment of any European sovereign. His costumes are usually ordered from Paris, and are extremely elegant. A late order was for a garment resembling a princess robe, made of electric-blue velvet, and lined with soft surah silk over elder-down. This was trimmed with sparkling blue-beaded passementerie. With it was worn a silk shirt with point-lace ruffles, a brocaded silk sash, trowsers of old-rose brocade, cut after the Jenness-Miller pattern, blue stockings embroidered in pink, and blue slippers. This costume is designed for wear at a morning concert.

Joseph Skipsey, "the pitman poet of Northumberland," has resigned the custodianship of Shakespeare's birthplace. He succeeded the Chataway sisters in June, 1887, and is now driven away by the irksomeness of his life as a showman, and by the brutal behavior of loutish and sometimes drunken sight-seers, thousands of whom are brought to Stratford-on-Avon by excursions during the summer. Mr. Skipsey is of a gentle and poetic nature, and believes most implicitly in the genuineness of Shakespeare and his writings. He learned his alphabet by candle-light, while a boy working deep down in a coal mine, and his early education was picked up while he struggled on as a miner. The new custodian of the Shakespeare cottage will be Richard Savage, the librarian and antiquary.

The Villa Trollope at Florence, which is now a boarding house, is a central rendezvous for Americans visiting that city. This house was formerly the residence of the Trollope family, and at the back of it is the same rose-garden which the old lady Trollope used to tend so carefully with her own hands. When their charming family were living there the house was naturally a literary center, and it was during a visit to the Trollopes that George Eliot conceived the plot of the greatest of her novels—that work through whose pages the scenes, life and customs of old Florence are interwoven. She was here within a stone's throw of the monastery and cloisters of San Marco, that spot of surpassing interest with which the memory of Savonarola is so inseparably connected. There she could study his portrait, visit the cell in which he lived, and look upon the same beautiful frescoes and paintings which daily greeted his eye.

Snap Shots.

A SNAKE STORY.

Of many moons ago or very far away was a well known insurance man who lived in the land of the pine and hemlock, the Ottawa valley, and owned a store in one of the prominent thoroughfares in the busy little town. His lawyer having made the necessary arrangements, let it to a "fake" show manager, the chief attractions being a giant, the tallest man on earth, a trick boa constrictor, a two-headed dwarf, a Circassian woman, "the only one born in captivity," and a Hindoo snake charmer whose name was Briggit Saughnessay. They opened up with a gorgeous display of Chinese lanterns and the town band, things boomed splendidly for a while, and the landlord never pressed for the rent. At last, when the landlord produced his bill for the money the manager could not produce the money, for the landlord's bill. The lawyer ordered the sheriff to go down and seize anything or every thing they could lay their hands on, menagerie, freaks and all. They were hardly in the building before an introduction was sought after by about twenty-two feet of snake that made a bee-line for the sheriffs, who were almost scared out of their wits. They made a horrified rush for the door to find it had been locked on them, and every moment seemed eternity as the boa gained ground. One of them with a terrified and frantic cry, like a lost soul, made one gigantic leap and went crash through the plate glass into the street; the other sheriff, in the words of Goldsmith, remained to pray. The boa being monarch of all he surveyed was having a high old time with the terribly scared and fainting sheriff. At last the snake charmer appeared on the scene while the festive little game of tag was in progress, and sent his royal highness, the "constrictor," "like the prodigal son," back to the old homestead. The manager advertised to feed him every day at 3:30 p.m., and placed in his cage pigeons one day, and rabbits the next. Although numbers put up their ducats to see the reptile gorge, Mr. Boa had a quaint little joke at their expense, for he never touched either pigeons or rabbits during the months he was there.

*

A few of the boys were standing in the curb the other day near the Dominion Bank when some Hamilton farmers, at least I believe they were, came up Yonge street from the boat, and enquired where it was possible to get a good square meal for a quarter. Board the car gentlemen and ask the conductor to let you off at the "Rossin House." Ye gods!!! they went.

*

Mr. Hank and Silas, from county of Bruce, were in town to see the Exposition and have a jolly good time, and when walking on the south side of King street, in front of them was a very stout woman.

"Silas, that kind o' makes me kac'late."

"What's that, Hank?"

"It makes me kac'late she would make a kind mother, do a mighty sight o' washing and a powerful lot o' churning."

*

Now is the time that picnics, sandwiches, soda water, green apples and sea baths are laid on the shelf. The theaters open with renewed splendor and marked prosperity, and mosquitos no longer warble their evening hymns. Speaking about these midnight minstrels, I was gathering wild everlastings, golden rod and thimble berries last Tuesday, when I overheard some one remark that he never was bitten by mosquitos; in fact, they wouldn't touch him. Strange to say, he was the only one that was pestered at all badly. This reminds me of the man who could swim like a Beckwith in winter and skate like a Rubinstein in summer.

*

Two well known gentlemen were seated at a table in a Glasgow hotel, and made up their minds to have considerable fun out of a highly respectable and particularly clerical-looking old man at the other end of the table. They requested him kindly to say grace before meat, as they had always been in the habit of it at home, having been brought up on oatmeal cake and the shorter catechism. He never paid the slightest attention to them, but drove his knife and fork clean out of sight in the beefsteak in front of him, and started to thoroughly enjoy himself. When one of them, repeated their desire for a blessing he observed, "Gentlemen, if you are talking to me I wish you would kindly speak loudder, as I am so gol darn deaf that I can't hear a d—— word you say." Every few moments he would draw his coffee towards his plate a quarter of an inch or so, then take a breakfast roll, break it and give his coffee another pull, hunt for the mustard, read a paragraph in the morning paper and pull his coffee again. This was more than human nature could stand and the head waiter asked him if anything was wrong with the coffee. "Well I should rather think there is. It is so confoundedly weak you can only move it a little way at a time."

*

Before me as I write is a beautiful photogravure of G. A. Reid's celebrated Royal Canadian Academy diploma picture, entitled Mortgaging the Homestead, which he painted on his return from an extended tour through France and sunny Italy. I observe on the wall of the parlor, that would do justice to the old farm house scene in Denman Thompson's honest down east play, a motto, Heaven is Our Home. Now the query to my mind is, if heaven is their home how in h——'s name can they mortgage it?

*

There is a story related of J. C. Forbes, who is in the Mother Country with a commission to paint the "Grand Old Man," and who, by the way, has had three sittings, and who is probably better known to fame through his picture the Wreck of the Hibernia, hung at the Centennial Exhibition. He was one of the few passengers saved from that memorable tragedy in mid ocean, but unfortunately fire has destroyed it. A few summers ago he was taking a vacation with J. A. Fraser, R.C.A., and some other artists, in the Rocky Mountains. While there he made a study of the Selkirk Range, in which

The monarch Rocky Mountain pines were covered o'er with dew—
Gigantic hills all snow-betopped rose up in distant view.

His confreres pronounced it a thorough success, congratulating him on the correct contours and superb coloring. He invited them some months later to a private view. The picture was there, but none could recognize it. One of them innocently remarked: "By Jove, Forbes, where is that magnificently colored sketch of the Selkirks gone?" "To the d—l, dear boy!" "I am extremely sorry old fellow, for I had expected that to be your best picture this year, but presume you anticipate the pleasure then of finishing it "later on." Moral:

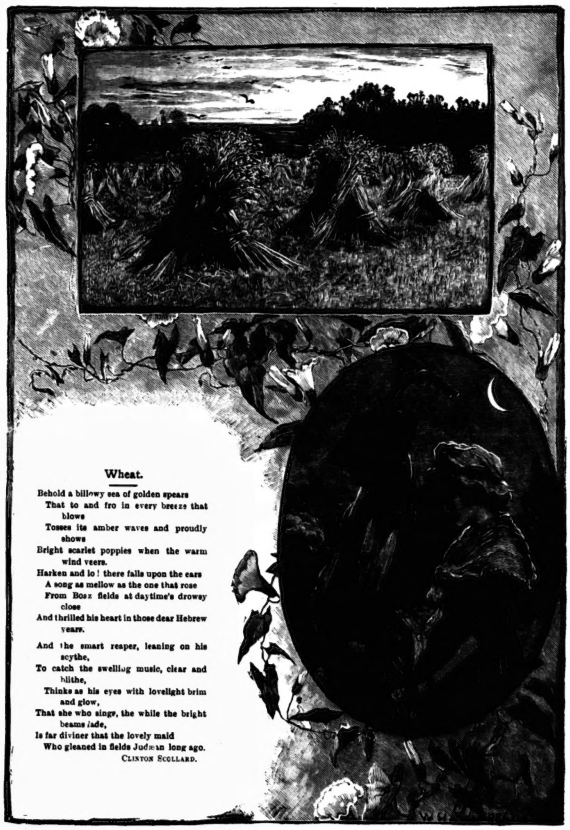
More than half the art
Is knowing when to stop.

*

The Luxembourg Conservatory of Paris is rich in rare plants, and classes are held there for the study of botany. It contains a magnificent collection of azalias, palms, cacti and other exotic plants for the decoration of the public gardens, or to be used during *fete* days. The head gardener is noted the world over for his flora, and has cultivated flowers so long that blossoms come out on his nose.

Oh, gentle and gazelle-eyed reader, you may think this a lie!

Well—that's—what it is. NEMO.



Wheat.

Behold a billowy sea of golden spears
That to and fro in every breeze that blows
Tosses its amber waves and proudly shows
Bright scarlet poppies when the warm wind veers.
Harken and lo! there falls upon the ears
A song as mellow as the one that rose
From Boaz fields at daytime's drowsy close
And thrilled his heart in those dear Hebrew years.
And the smart reaper, leaning on his scythe,
To catch the swelling music, clear and blithe,
Thinks as his eyes with lovelight brim and glow,
That she who sings, the while the bright beams lade,
Is far diviner that the lovely maid
Who gleaned in fields Judean long ago.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Books and Magazines.

Interference, by Mrs. B. M. Croker, the author of Diana Barrington, is issued by William Bryce. It is a sprightly story of Irish life. William Bryce, Toronto; 50 cents.

We are accustomed to associate the name of Rudyard Kipling with stories of Indian military life, but in his nautical story, The Disturber of Traffic, which appears in the September *Atlantic*, he has struck an entirely new vein. Mr. Kipling has never done anything of the same kind before, and has never been more vivid and astounding than in the present story. Another short story, An Innocent Life, is contributed by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. Mr. Stockton's House of Martha is continued by a long instalment, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood gives us four clever chapters of The Lady of Fort St. John. The remainder of the number is made up of a collection of remarkably good articles, and one hardly knows how to pick out the chief plums from the pudding. Octave Thanet has a second paper on Town Life in Arkansas. John Burroughs has left his fields for A Study of Analogy; Mr. Bradford Torrey, however, still remains faithful to his rustic haunts in a sketch on Dyer's Hollow. John Fiske has a paper on Europe and Cathay, which discusses the reasons why early Norse discoverers of America were not its real discoverers. There is poetry, and reviews and the usual Contributors' Club. One article, not already mentioned, must not be forgotten, namely, Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast, by E. P. Evans. Researches into the language of animals is at present attracting a good deal of attention, and this able paper on the subject will interest not only the specialist, but the lover of the marvelous.

Carolotta's Intended is the title of the complete novel in the September *Lippincott's*. Its author, Ruth McEnery Stuart, is well known as the contributor of many clever stories to the leading magazines. This is a story of New Orleans life in the Italian quarter. Julia Marlowe, the brilliant young actress, has won for herself a foremost place upon the American stage. Alfred Stoddart writes appreciatively of her and an excellent picture of Miss Marlowe serves as a frontispiece to the number. William S. Walsh writes an entertaining article on Real People in Fiction. He tells of the difficulties into which many prominent authors have gotten themselves by putting real people in their books. Among other articles to be noted are a clever skit by Edgar Fawcett, entitled His Majesty the Average Reader, and The Days That are to Be, a dip into the future, by J. K. Wetherill. Notable among the poems in this number is No Tears for Dead Love, by the late Philip Bourke Marston. There are other poems by Clinton Scollard, Louise Imogen Guiney, Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, Charles Morris, Bessie Chandler, Susanna Massey, Douglas Sladen, and William Rice Sims.

Scribner's is so widely read as to need but little comment. The September number contains a long instalment of Stevenson's striking story, The Wrecker. Another well illustrated article is A China Hunter in New England. Andrew Lang contributes a delightful article on Adventures Among Books. The short stories and other articles, together with The Point of View, are splendid.

In the September *Cosmopolitan* Amelie Rives doles out more of her literary slops. The remainder of the magazine is good however and well illustrated. Society Women in Literature being the best article. Though a "woman's number" the only writings worth preserving are those in the editorial departments, which are by men—Brander Matthews, Murat Halstead and Everett E. Hale—and are excellent.

Some Curious Newspapers.

A paper virtually published among the clouds is one of the curiosities of American journalism. On the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak of New England, an enterprising printer has established an office from which he periodically issues a newspaper named, with much truth, *Among the Clouds*. Every year from 10,000 to 20,000 persons climb the mountain to explore its beauties, and watch the glowing effects of the setting sun. By these tourists the paper is eagerly purchased as a memento of their visit.

A young Arkansan, with more money than brains, produced a paper bearing the extraordinary title 'Oh Pshaw!' In the course of the editorial introduction he expressed his intention to "monkey with this thing for a while;" which seemed to indicate that he was not particularly anxious to make the paper a financial success. He soon tired of his hobby, and the third number bore the significant message, "the monkey will now cease to perform."

Newspapers in America with catchy titles are so numerous that a Jefferson journalist was at his wits' end to obtain a suitable name for his forthcoming publication. As a last resource he took up a handful of type and put it together at random. The letters formed the word "Jimplecute." The name struck his fancy, and without more ado he launched the 'Jefferson Jimplecute' upon the world.

If a Berlin newspaper is to be believed, the literary freaks of Uncle Sam are even more acutely illustrated. A German scribe relates that during a visit to America he saw three journals printed on sugar cakes, flattened out. Rolled chewing tobacco formed the sheet on which two other journalists recorded the news of the day; five offices utilized fly papers, and the genius of seven editors was displayed upon pocket handkerchiefs. The climax of astonishment was reached when the Teuton purchased a newspaper formed of a porous plaster! He went on to relate that three publishers defy competition by having their subscribers photographed yearly, several give their subscribers free burial, five invite them to a dinner once a month, and 260 provide them with medical advice!

Love was the title of a little sheet which issued some time ago from a provincial printing-office. To "unite hearts with but one thought" was the praiseworthy mission on which it embarked, and its first number breathed tender messages from sighing maidens to lonely bachelors. As a married couple cannot, however, subsist on love and kisses, so Cupid's advertiser famished and died for lack of more nourishing sustenance.

Amongst recent novelties that of a newspaper printed on the web of the sacred white spider of China is chronicled. It is a sheet about eleven inches by fourteen inches, contains two columns of matter, including an English story, and is excellently printed.

The same country boasts the possession of the smallest, and, at the same time, the oldest established newspaper in the world. It is known as the *Pekin Gazette*. It consists of a few leaves of dainty rice paper sewn into yellow covers. This little journal has recorded the chief events in the Flowery Land for nearly a thousand years.

"Confound those files! Why can't they leave me alone and get on that fly-paper?"

"I'll fix them. Just watch me fool them!"

"Ha! ha! How is this?"

A CRUEL SHAME.

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

Author of "A Good Hater," "Treasure of Thorburns," "Her Evil Genius," Etc., Etc.

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FREDERICK BOYLE.

"You misunderstand! I didn't object to the Sisterhood, nor to the dress. It becomes Marian. She looked like a darling little brown ghost of her grandmother. But it is not a costume which suggests matrimony."

"My dear Dick! You have been away five years; you landed yesterday; you meet my sister this morning, and you expect to see her in a dress suggesting matrimony! Why, nothing has been said to her upon the subject, so far as I know. If she has a wave that the family hope you will make a match, it can only be through the instinct which warns a girl of such things."

"Well, Marian is warned somehow—I saw it in her manner. If, as you say, the Sisterhood does not object to marriage in the abstract, she has already decided that I am not good enough."

"That may be so, I admit. But if you have really fallen in love, justify yourself. Take a district; read to the old paupers; preside at tea meetings, and all that."

"I couldn't, and I won't try—even for Marian! A gentleman may do anything in honor to win the girl he loves, but he may not play the hypocrite."

"Well, then, play your natural *role* as a distinguished young soldier, and trust to that. Mind you, I don't believe my sister is different from other good girls—a little better than the average, perhaps, but the same at heart. She admires courage and a gallant bearing as much as any. When the news of your Victoria Cross came, your mother was scarcely more proud."

"I fear that's another thing. Now, Clem, I'm quite convinced I would be one of that gay regular attentions, when I have only three months' leave. The matter stands thus: your sister knows that everyone wishes us to marry. She likes me—I am tolerably sure of that, because she used to do, and nothing has occurred to change her feelings. But it's equally certain I have not the slightest chance of carrying a wife back to India."

"Did you expect to do so?" Clem laughed.

"No, but I ask a fair fight, since I cannot hope for favor, and I count on you to secure it for me without delay—we have not a moment to waste. Speak to Marian frankly to-night, as a brother can. Tell her I am in love, and that as strongly as you're able!—that the general and everybody approves, and, in short, observe how she takes it. Then I may be able to form a plan of campaign."

"I fear you're putting too much confidence in my shrewdness, out I'll do my best."

It is necessary to introduce these young people in briefest form. Dick and his brother, with whom we have little to do, represented the elder branch of the Mathers family, which had fallen from its proper place, while the younger, represented by General Mathers, had prospered exceedingly. He was rich, and his daughter, Marian, would inherit her mother's great wealth in coming of age. All the family inclined to think this a special dispensation, providentially conceited to restore the elder branch to its due rank in the world. The cousins must marry. When Dick grew into a very handsome youth, as lovable as good-looking, one whom any girl might fancy and any parent must approve, the scheme of Providence became visible to all the clan of Mathers.

Marian was not essentially a devout girl, but at an early age she began to ask why such wealth had been heaped on her while millions of her fellow creatures lacked bread. Her father, the general, discussed this problem patiently, remembering that this same thought had perplexed him when young; but he could offer no solution. She was not checked, therefore, but rather encouraged, in her first effort to show herself worthy of the blessings showered on her. When the chance offered culminated in a proposal to join the Sisterhood, it was a shock; but after a conference with the director, which began sternly, and ended with an invitation to lunch, the general submitted. This Sisterhood did not set its face against marriage. And Dick was to lunch.

But the work assigned to Marian did not satisfy her tender conscience. She felt that the easiest tasks, the least unpleasant duties were assigned to her. Hearts-broken wretchedness she daily saw, and dreadful possibilities were suggested hourly; but the horrible realities, as she perceived, were always kept from her view.

This irritated the poor girl, though she knew it was not only kind, but prudent. They spared her because she was sillily good looking, and soft, and childish, whilst these luxurious characteristics also made part of the debt which she ought to pay.

Love and marriage could not enter her head under such circumstance. She understood the wish of the family, but she never gave it a thought—not even when Dick's visit on leave was announced. They had been the warmest friends as children, but of late her sympathies had turned to Fred, his brother, for he was in trouble; but sympathy, in this case, had no kinship with love. Fred also was in the service, and he made his general's house his home in London, while quartered at Aldershot. But presently disagreements arose, such as a not confided to a sister. And presently Fred was forbidden the house. Marian's pitiful heart followed him. Thus the opening scene of my story will be understood.

Dick dined with his uncle that night, of course, and excelled himself to please. Marian lived on toast and tea, but she sat through the entertainment, and showed appreciation of his efforts. Her pretty eyes beamed, and her laugh, gentle but full of fun, was encouraging.

Clement followed his sister when she withdrew to her boudoir, which was almost as bare as one of those respectable garrets which her Mother Superior allowed her to visit.

"I think we have every reason to be proud of Dick," he began, clumsily enough. "Any girl might fall in love with him. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," Marian answered quietly. "I should think so."

"Bless me! Well, he is prepared to meet you much more than half-way."

"Clem! I did not refer to myself."

"But you're a girl."

"I'm a Sister."

"Dick calls you an angel, but in this house we have been used to regard you as a dear little human being. Under that impression, however, he has fallen desperately in love, and we shall all be glad to hear—in due time! in due time!—that you accept him."

"I'm sorry to hear that he is desperate, in one sense," Marian replied, laughing and blushing, "but in another it is fortunate. The poor fellow will not be disappointed. There, dear, that will do!"

"But think of our wishes, darling. Of course, you are as free as a bird, but allow us to argue. Surely Dick fulfills your ideal of a lover—in fact you have admitted as much. He is the head of the family, and you can make him rich enough to sustain the position."

"I wish I could! I wish I could give him everything I possess, for I'm sure he would make a good use of it. Too much has been granted me! Oh, Clem, how happy I should be to hand over all my fortune to another beautiful girl who loved Dick, and would make him happy!"

"That's magnificently generous," said her brother, puzzled. "But if you entertain such a high opinion of Dick, why not take him yourself?"

"I haven't put it right," she cried, blushing crimson. "I mean that—that," but the explanation did not come, and in her angry confusion her eyes filled.

"There, there!" said Clement, soothingly. "You shall tell me what you meant another time."

"I mean that I can't and won't marry Dick."

"It shall be as you like, dear." And he kissed her with grave tenderness, reserving a broad grin for the dining room.

"You're right and you're wrong, Dick," Clement exclaimed, rejoining the others. "She knew that we want her to marry you, but she would rather transfer that happiness, together with all her fortune, to some poor girl who is more worthy of it." And he told what had passed.

The father and brother, who were used to hearing Marian's conscientious scruples, understood at once, and laughed heartily; but Dick required an explanation. When he grasped the state of things, however, it did not seem humorous to him.

"But, sir, your daughter is obstinate in her pretty soft way, isn't she? Whatever the motive may be, her declaration is emphatic. I don't and I won't marry Marian. We've only three months before me! From what I recollect of Marian as a child, the prospect seems desperate—unless I quilted the serpe."

"Don't speak of that!" exclaimed the general, sternly. "The man who could think of resigning his commission for the sake of a girl could not dare to ask for a daughter of mine!"

"I had not thought of it, sir. Now, taking the circumstances as they are, what is to be done? Marian does not even go about. I shall scarcely find an opportunity to see her except at meal times."

"Follow her into the slums, as I said before."

"That would be more degrading than to quit the service." They sat silent awhile.

"Said the general at length: "I'm silly child thinks that she ought not to take a husband who would make her happy, in addition to so many other luxuries which have been bestowed on her unworthiness. What a pity it is, Dick, that you didn't lose a leg or something when you got the V.C."

"I catch his idea, sir. Marian would have felt it a duty to accept a man so horribly mutilated that no girl could look at him without a shudder."

"Jack Carruthers made a desperately good thing out of the loss of his arm in winning the Cross, they say. Lady Bell Carew had refused him a dozen times before that."

"Then there you are, Dick! Have your arm off to-morrow!"

"Im! We have always to reckon with time. I couldn't lose an arm, be nursed, make love, recover, and be married in three months. Marian has too much sense to be taken in by that trick."

"But I didn't mean a trick! Do it in reality, like a hero."

"That would be a case for court martial, eh, sir?" he asked the general, laughing.

"Most decidedly. A soldier's limbs belong to the Queen, and no private property to live on pills, Dick, and cultivate a secret sorrow, make Marian feel though your body is sound, your mind requires the most careful nursing. Well, I'm going to the Senior."

They all left the house. An hour later Clement was interrupted in a game of pool, at his club, by the announcement of Mr. Mathers.

"Come to my quarters," said Dick, in still excitement. "I have a notion!" Good-humoredly compounding the unreason of lovers, Clement followed.

"How does Marian feel towards my brother Fred?"

"What the deuce has that to do with it? She likes him, and she was badly cut up when the governor refused to see him. Fred was falling into a habit of drinking, I know, but they tell me he's quite cured. Marian writes to him, I believe."

"That's good. He has her sympathy to begin with. Now, see this note, which I found waiting for me. After congratulations on my safe arrival and so forth, Fred hints some frightful misfortune, which may bring him to town shortly. I guess what it is, and I'll send the beggar some cash to-morrow. Take his letter and show it to Marian. She will naturally believe that something awful has happened, or is going to happen, to Fred, and her tender little heart will be deeply moved."

"Well, how is that to help you?"

"I have thought it all over. You will tell one fib for me! Say I have gone to Ireland, in great alarm about my brother, whose eyes have been troubling him for some time past. To-morrow, or next day, I call. Do you begin to see?"

"Not a bit."

"I call as Fred—we are sufficiently alike, if I shave and make up a little. I have come to town almost blind, to take advice, and I must have passed brother Dick on the road."

"Oh, this is carrying romance too far! The governor would never consent. Besides, Fred is forbidden to call."

"But the general would not insist on that prohibition under the supposed circumstances. Don't you see how conveniently it all works in? We must take your father into our confidence, of course—I would not act without his approval. But he might well decline to see Fred himself. I would call in the hours when he is not at home. You also must not meet me. But all this is detail, to be arranged in a moment, if the general does not forbid my little comedy. Let us go and ask him now!"

Clement thought a little, and laughed and rose. "You hope to touch Marian with your blindness, to gain her heart as Fred, and then to confess? Well, if the governor does not forbid, I see no harm in it. But, Dick, you'll have a lively *quart d' heure* when you avow the swindle!"

"I see that, and the prospect is uncomfortable. But at the worst I shall only be as badly off as I am now—that is, hopeless. Come along."

General Mathers was just leaving the Senior, and he proposed to stroll homeward. The brilliant moonlight recalled adventures of Indian warfare, which he narrated at length, and they had almost reached Eaton square before Dick found an opportunity to broach his scheme.

Like many old soldiers hardened on the field, General Mathers was boyishly sentimental. He chuckled, roared, consented with enthusiasm, and discussed details. Not till his hand was on the bell did it occur to him that no little fibbing must be done by somebody. But when Dick solemnly engaged to undertake it, all his equanimity returned.

But Clement could not escape a share. When his sister read the note next day her pitiful little heart fluttered. Oh, I knew something dreadful would happen to us soon! What does Fred mean?"

"Dick fancies his eyes are bad."

"Oh, Clem! It's worse than fancy—your face tells me! Will Dick go to him?"

"He has gone. That's why he sent you the letter."

"And poor Fred is in those dull barracks, when I should be so glad to have him here and nurse him! Surely papa will forgive him now! Does he know? I will go and entreat him to let me send an invitation."

This would never do. The general was distinctly unprepared to play an active part.

"Let me speak to the governor, darling. I feel quite sure he would allow you to see Fred if he comes to London, as he proposes. I will arrange that. But don't ask too much at once. Don't speak to the governor upon the subject, if you will take my advice."

"But Clem! I can't see Fred without permission."

Now, Dick, thoughtfully reviewing his plot, had remarked the probability that this hitch would arise, and at the same moment the butler brought a note, addressed in a vague and laborious handwriting, to Marian. It was from "Fred," begging an interview, and it enclosed another to Clement, entreating his influence with the general. Marian burst into tears.

"Oh, see! He has arrived, and his poor eyes are so bad he can hardly write!"

"It's a confounded shame!" cried Clement. "But I'm in for it, I suppose! Yes, dear! I'll speak to the Governor at once!" He returned presently with a message that the general was very sorry to hear of Fred's misfortune. Marian might receive her cousin. He himself would wait and see. Meanwhile he did not wish to hear anything whatever on the subject.

"Oh, I could not have believed papa was so hard-hearted! You told me yourself that Fred's offence was a trifle!"

"Old soldiers have fancies sometimes, dear. But he has granted the essential point. Humor him by avoiding all reference to the poor fellow's visit."

Marian had her district work to do, but she held herself excused by this emergency. And in the early afternoon, Mr. Frederick Mathers was announced.

She had not seen him for three years, and a certain change might be expected. He had grown much more like Dick, yet strangely different. What struck her first was the unnatural color of his cheeks—as well it might; Mr. Truefitt's clever artificers had done their best, but when a man dices face is burnt by Indian suns shaves off his beard, the result must needs be extraordinary. Staring at her full, with eyes that had a dreadful vagueness, as Marian thought, he said, "Is that you, cousin?"

"Yes, dear, darling Fred!" she ran swiftly to him and caught his hand, while her pretty eyes overflowed. "Is this true then? Oh, what a terrible misfortune! Let me lead you, dear!"

Dick had to resist many such temptations afterwards, but no one so keen as this. All his body flashed with shame to be deceiving such a sweet, innocent girl. Had Marian looked up he must have betrayed himself. But her head was bent, and, looking from above, he saw only the crown of her graceful head. Dick had arranged herself conscientiously to go out so soon as the interview ended. Dick's sense of the humorous was keen, and whenever afterwards the incident came to confess became urgent, he recalled that absurd spectacle and triumphed. After all, it was a harmless comedy, on which his happiness depended—and Marian's too, praise Heaven!

She led him to a sofa, holding his hand tenderly. "You have come to London for advice. That's right. Dick started this morning to see you. Oh, to think that we should meet again like this, Fred!"

"But you must not exaggerate, dear! Our regimental doctor feels certain there's nothing radically wrong. If I can keep up my nerve, not worry or talk of this weakness, it will pass. So let us mention it no more than we can help. The general knows of my call!"

"Oh, yes! but——" she paused.

"But he does not care to see me? Well, dear, though I bitterly regret the cause, I am not sorry altogether. It is painful to be pitied by men. The general allows me to see you sometimes."

"How very like Dick's your voice has grown! Of course you mean to consult the best authorities? Mr. Powell, our director, was the first oculist in England before he joined the church. Unfortunately, he is not in town."

"Yes, that's unfortunate. These specialists are jealous, I believe, and Dr. Molyneux will be offended if I consult your director on his return. Now tell me about my brother. Is he a good fellow?"

"I hope so—indeed, I believe so. But rather worldly. You, Fred, under this delicate affliction, must turn—"

"But you don't think badly of Dick?"

"Not at all! He is a fine young soldier, and—and very amusing."

"In fun! I must try to be amusing too. Clutterbuck, our doctor, says I ought to keep up my spirit's before anything, and I mean to—but it's hard sometimes."

"Poor Fred—Oh, poor, poor Fred!" She clasped his hand with such loving pity, and her sweet face quivered so, that in self defence, to hide his guilty looks, Dick drew her towards him and kissed her, feeling like a thief the while.

"I've been reckoning on my good little cousin to cheer me up," he said, rather hoarsely. "She had given him no kiss the day before. "May I call every afternoon?"

"Oh, I must not see you again without papa's express permission."

"Then ask it, darling. He cannot refuse it—no human being could."

"I will! Now, dear Fred, we won't refer to your illness again; but just tell me how it arose, and the symptoms. I will report to our director, and get his opinion."

The man who plays such a game as this cannot foresee all the chances. Dick had posted himself up in the principles of ophthalmic disease, and had chosen a case recorded which might answer his purpose. But when Marian produced a notebook, and seated herself, long down the heads of his report with the judgment which experience of nursing gives, he became alarmed.

"Pray do not consult Mr. Powell, dear. If his opinion differs from that of Dr. Molyneux I should be sadly embarrassed, which could not fail to be injurious. Let us drop this subject, and talk of pleasant things. You agree?"

"With all my heart, poor Fred. How brave you are! There is a higher and nobler courage than that which they rewarded with the Victoria Cross."

"It is another reward which I hope to win. Now tell me all about yourself, and the Sisterhood, and everything."

So they chatted merrily but with an undertone of petting and compassion on her side which pierced Dick's conscience painfully, though it promised success. He vowed once more that if the trick served his turn, that first reproach which must be expected when the truth came out should be the only one Marian addressed to him so long as life endured.

Fred's face haunted her, and his brave pleasant voice rang in her ears henceforward, as she went her round of duty. Both became familiar. For the general, after a long and—for him—rather warm argument with Dick, consented to recognize the fraud in some measure. And so soon as Marian, perching on his knee after dinner, began to plead, he met her half way.

"My dear, it's quite true that your cousin's offences were not disgraceful. But they belonged to the class which begin with youthful folly, and end as years go on—anywhere. Fred's trouble touches me deeply, but he will soon get over it."

"Oh, papa! Oh, I am so rejoiced! How do you know?"

"Eh! These matters are reported to the Horse Guards, of course. As I was saying it does not seem judicious that I should receive Fred until he has quite certainly outgrown his weakness. But I have no objection to his visiting you—quite the reverse! Cheer him up, my dear! Sustain his courage in every way. Don't let his misfortune weigh too heavily upon it if necessary." Marian had not the least idea what this remark could mean, and she paid no attention.

So Dick called every day, at a fixed hour, week after week, from that time. Many little things happened, naturally, that seemed curious—but of forgetfulness of his state, allusions to India, oblivion of small incidents known to Fred. But he was quick to note a slip, and shrewd to explain it away with an uncontscious air. A girl much more ready to suspect would not have attached importance to such details, though they were odd at the time.

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So

house Father Powell's letter was handed to her. She read it with the aid of the gas light, but the situation was still incomprehensible. The point, however, stood forth clearly —Fred was a greater cheat even than she had supposed.

At the same moment he entered. Marian was sitting upright in the centre of the sofa, and Mary thought fitting for a girl in her position.

"Why—why!" he cried in astonishment. "What miracle is this?"

"For a girl to change her dress is no miracle, but for the blind to see—— No! Don't load your conscience with more falsehoods, Fred. You have been practicing a shameful deception, and your brother has been helping you. Why?"

"Because I love you, Marian, and there was no other means to win you in the time I had."

"Whatever the time was you have wasted it. Good-bye, Mr. Mathers! I say good-bye, sir! There is no need of words. I ask no explanation!"

Dick had too much sense to persist then. He retired in silence, with a sorrowful look, and Marian threw herself upon the sofa in a passion of tears.

Before leaving the house Dick told his uncle what had occurred. Desperately angry was General Mathers. When respectfully reminded that he himself had countenanced the fraud, his ingenuity was at no loss for justification. It was not the beginning he blamed, nor the middle, but the end. How could a sane man engage in such a plot, compromise all around him, before he saw his way clearly out of it? So warm grew the old gentleman, urged by a guilty conscience, that Dick had real cause for offence. He withdrew, and did not return.

Clement was from home, and when he received Dick's letter urging him to mediate, and describing his father's rage, he felt no inclination to come back. Thus the general and Marian were left face to face, and both sulked. Not a word upon this subject passed between them, but it is understood that they saw less of each other than parent and child usually do. As for Mrs. Beauchamp, she called in vain; Marian would not see her, and the general would not interfere. Curiously enough, however, the young girl's zeal for good works began to cool. She gave up her Dispensary for the ground, not unreasonable, that Fred might waylay her. But from that afternoon she had abandoned the contents of the Mission Box. And Father Powell did not yet think it necessary to call at a house where he probably would not be welcomed by the master.

Dick was quite again and again, on his letters lay unopened on her table. And the day of departure drew very near.

At length Clement returned, and he, as a brother will, charged into the thickest of the complication forthwith. Such vigorous action must needs let daylight in, if there be daylight anywhere. She could never pardon Fred, and it was very puzzling that they should wish her to do so when papa would not receive him.

"Fred!" cried Clement. "Fred! Fred!" and went off in a roar. Then he explained it.

Marian opened her eyes and flushed and quivered—but it made no difference, she declared. That is to say, Dick's conduct was even more infamous than that she attributed to his brother. If he was sailing the day after to-morrow, she wished him well. But she could not forgive him, and to say good-bye face to face would be painfully embarrassing. Would Clement kindly drop the subject for the future?

So the last evening arrived, and Dick spent it with his uncle. It was a melancholy entertainment; Marian staying in her bedroom, evidently to escape the remotest chance of an interview. But when it was time for Dick to leave, he begged Clement, in despair, to make one last effort. Clement went to the bedroom, and returned in haste.

"She isn't there!" he whispered, excitedly. "Now, Dick, try the boudoir!"

"What does it matter if the child isn't there?" grumbled General Mathers; but Dick had flown to the boudoir.

Five minutes passed—ten—a quarter of an hour.

"I think," laughed Clement, gleefully. "I think I have frightened away the bird—she flies! Shall we carry our own congratulations?"

Noiselessly chuckling, they stole upstairs, and opened the door of the empty boudoir. Marian sprang from her lover's arms with a cry.

"I can undertake to assure you, Lieutenant Mathers, V.C.," laughed the general, "that your leave will be extended six weeks on proper application. Do you think you can be ready, pretty?"

Not till many months afterwards did Marian begin to declare, with very mild indignation, that she was the victim of a cruel shame.

CONCLUSION OF SERIES.

Asleep or Awake.

I am the defendant in this case, if it is needful for me to make defence, and it is my wife, Cecilia Blandford, who, I hear, is to be the plaintiff asking for a divorce *a mensa et thoro*. So far as her general plea is concerned, I have no desire to traverse it, nor am I upon the defensive in any such sense; but as her said plea seems to reflect upon my mental equilibrium, I make this general answer, not in rebuttal, but in explanation,—explanation, that is, so far as a statement of facts goes, for I have no theory to advance, and wish to disclaim all idea of such a thing. I am forty-two years of age. My name is Mauricius Blandford, of the old English Blandford family, a cadet branch of which settled in Kent County on the eastern shore of Maryland in 1665. My paternal grandfather removed to Frederick County, Maryland, immediately after the war of the Revolution, in which he was a soldier, serving during several campaigns under Colonels Williams and Gist. He bought a farm in the valley of Pipe Creek in 1795, and on this farm I was born, the third of five children, on the twentieth of January, 1847. I was educated at the academy in Fredericktown, when I was sent to St. John's College at Annapolis, where I spent two years under the scholarly tuition of Dr. Hector Humphreys. From St. John's College, without waiting to secure my diploma, I proceeded to Boston and studied medicine there. My father's means were limited and it was understood that, after I graduated in medicine, he was to furnish me with funds enough to enable me to take a clinical course of a year's duration at Paris; and then I was to shift for myself the best way I could.

One of my classmates was Henry Bishop, whose father was senior partner of the old established spice and tea importing house of Bishop, Froissac & Co., Boston, Paris, Canton and Madras. When I sailed for Paris the elder Bishop gave me letters to Froissac, who lived in great elegance in a villa near Saint Denis. Froissac received me cordially, and brought in the idea of my trying the practice of medicine without a "connection." He offered me, instead, a clerkship in the firm's Canton house, where, if I chose, I could become a partner in ten years, and rich in fifteen years. I close with the offer, and, at the end of my hospital year, sailed for Canton in a French Indiaman.

In Canton I passed seventeen uneventful years. I was a good bookkeeper, a good clerk, a safe partner, and I accumulated money rapidly. I made the usual round of acquaintances at the foreign factories, was entertained at the British and French, as well as the Chinese, Han Hong, and was a director for years of the Botanical Garden. I learned to grow as sick of the sound of "pidgin-English" as of the smells of the Canton streets. Canton is a dreary place of exile, and would be intolerable but for the easy Paradise of wealth that lies beyond it like a dream to which it is the only bridge and pathway. I got rich and I contracted a liver disease. My health must have been further impaired by the fact that, from some peculiarity of my organization, I had such a nice delicacy of taste that I became the best judge of teas in all the house. This was worth much money to Bishop, Froissac & Co., since it enabled me to check and control the "tasters," and almost unconsciously I became, not indeed the house's regular "taster," but their judge of qualities of goods upon every important occasion. The nervous reaction from the excessive work thus made necessary during a number of years was quite perceptible to me, but the practice increased profit so far as I was concerned, and I continued to be a taster long after the physicians recommended me to stop. In my fortieth year, just as I was preparing to leave Canton forever and return home, I was stricken down with a remittent fever that proved nearly fatal. When this had been finally broken it was succeeded by a low nervous condition, semi-febrile, which lasted several months before I was well enough to leave China, which I did by way of the overland route. A German doctor in Paris condemned me to the baths of Carlsbad, where I seemingly recovered. In Boston, during my business interval there, I met Miss Cecilia Dunlap, and married her after a somewhat brief courtship. I have never had any reason to regret this union with a woman of integrity, character and amiability, and I feel considerable chagrin at failing to give her the happiness and contentment with which she inspired me.

After our marriage I furnished a handsome house in a good neighborhood in Baltimore, and brought my wife there to live. We were just beginning to be acquainted with each other and our neighbors, when I again fell into the low, nervous fever I have described, and from which I did not come out of a stupor that lasted many weeks and during which I was seldom perfectly conscious. I had good medical advice, and my wife nursed me assiduously and tenderly. Gradually I returned to consciousness, and even to perfect health again, with a better liver and stomach and a clearer head than I had known before for a number of years. The doctors told me that I had come safely through a severe bilious and cerebral crisis, the effect of the long-continued mental and nervous diseases and a hostile climate upon a constitution naturally delicate; but they thought my system had now completely thrown off the poison it had long been absorbing, and I would enjoy better health than I had ever had in my life. I thought so myself. There was a sense of nervous relief and physical buoyancy, "bounce," of mental lucidness and grip, which was entirely new to my experience and wonderfully pleasant.

There was also what I might without exaggeration describe as a new sensation, not quite so vivid, it may be, but as enjoyable and fascinating as it would be to a person who, deaf to recover his hearing, or to one blind from infancy to regain his sight. Up to the period large family, mind you—we had never dreamed, or if I did dream at all, it was in such a dull, blurred, obscure way that I never recalled it and took it for an impression from it. But I began to dream in the most vivid and remarkable way, and it seemed to me very soon that I went to bed less to go to sleep than to enter the portal of dreamland. Every night was marked by a certain force and outline of vividness, and such a long unbroken continuity, that I carried the series forward all the wide-awake day in my thoughts, lay down with it next night, and when I slept the dream went on from where I left off when last awakened. These dreams were singularly fascinating to me, because of that I am naturally a man of rather cold imagination, slow perception, and few acute emotions. Life, my waking life, sometimes it seemed to be frost-bitten and October-tempered in respect of the appetites, passions, and sensual enjoyments which absorb so much of the life of most men. With what I have reason to believe an unusually delicate taste, I had none of the gout of the epicure; cold was always pretty much the same as another to me; and heat or cold, clouds or sunshine, it mattered less to me than to any other person I ever met. My passions, if I possessed any, had no glow or fire; and the thrill which choice music and fine poetry, and these alone, gave me, was apparently not sensuous but purely intellectual. Hence, the exaltation of the imagination and the peopling of the fancy that came in my dreams suffused my life with a new and cheerful warmth that was most delightful. The dreams had so much more life and color, so much more heartiness and honest reality than my waking moments, that the transition from them to the workaday life was like passing from warm sunshine into dim, chilly twilight, and I could not help regretting having to make it.

I had many idle moments. My business—except the little care my estate required of me—was almost nothing, and I was fond of reading much, and did not care particularly for books. I only visited as a matter of form and duty, and, as I found my acquaintance, the table neither occupied nor detained me. Hence, the major part of my time was not employed, but given simply to gentle and generally purposeless meditation. This large vacuity or semi-vacancy, was now by degrees invaded and occupied by my dreams, or rather by waking thoughts possessing the character of dreams or my sleeping thoughts; and this went on, almost unconsciously to myself, until I found myself dreaming awake as much as asleep, in a state of genial rapture, lying wide-awake night lapped in a delightful, restful luxury of sights, sounds and experiences, under which the brain and nerves and organs seemed to recover from the day's waste and repair themselves as effectually as they could have done in a state of actual sleep. Here was a dreaming going on without any of the usual preliminaries to dreaming, or rather, with a complete reversal of them. I rested, dreamed, was absorbed in my dreams and was happy; but there was no gradual failure and paling away of the perceptions, no unfettering of the lessened consciousness, no slipping out of one's self more and more, like the wraith of smoke that curls and curls and disappears, till under the closed eyelid, the spirit stepped completely out and was lost in another land. Nothing of the sort. Instead of shutting myself in a dark passage on my way to the hall of visions, instead of going under the numerous wards of oblivion, and putting on garments not my own, as he who descends under Niagara to visit the Cave of the Winds, I merely had lain down in bed then, wide awake, entirely myself, in full consciousness, I put bold hand upon the portal of dreams, the doors flew open to me as to a master, and I stepped confidently in among the various images there without in the least sacrificing my own shape or obscuring my own individuality.

I said that I do not know exactly when I reached this stage of wake dreaming; as little can I tell exactly when it happened that the need for, and with it the power of, actual sleep passed away from me forever and was replaced by the sort of double life which I now lead. I can only feel sure that this has been my condition for several years, at least five of them, during which I have never slept at all, nor ever felt the least need of sleep nor inclination forward it. I never sleep, I never lie down, I live a double life, or rather I exist in a double state—a state of dreaming and a state of not dreaming, both states being equally real and equally actual to me so far as my existence in them is concerned; the only difference in external seeming, a problem arises in my mind which I am not entirely able to solve. For this world which I am now talking to, that other is certainly the dream; but, as certainly, when I am in that dream world it is the actual sphere of existence and this the dream. The longer I live, the more unsolvable the problem of choice between reality and unreality appears. Is there indeed any choice? Is one life more real than the other, or am I not rather participating in two separate, distinct, actual existences?

I have no means of determining the question, for one dream, when I attempt to reason with myself about it, is just as continuous and just as real as the other. What I have called the dream here, as necessary in addressing you, who are inhabitants of the reality to which that other state seems the dream, is a better and preferable state to this state, richer and more vivid in its images and surroundings

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

took Buffalo as their first stopping place. Congratulations and good wishes have been received by the happy couples from the four corners of the earth, chiefly in the shape of elaborate and costly wedding gifts. Among those are a magnificent marble clock, several fish and carving sets, a set of silver dish covers, three beautiful and dainty five o'clock tea sets, silver dessert and vegetable dishes of every description, innumerable spoons, knives, and forks, three silver sugar bowls, a quantity of handsome Doulton china; fancy work of every kind, in fact everything of which the mind of man or woman is capable of conceiving as a wedding present was there represented. Besides these a substantial number of cheques and a large amount of family plate and jewelry were presented to the brides by their relatives, and a pretty pair of carved bread trenchers and knives from Margaret and Kate Whitely, attached servants of the paternal residence. The list of presents and their donors would occupy an extra page of SATURDAY NIGHT to fully record. Perhaps the most original and dainty of all was a set of silken serviettes, each bearing an exquisite hand-painted view of some beauty spot in America, and some sparkling cut-glass dishes of American manufacture, but rivalling the far-famed specimens of France.

A quiet and elegant wedding took place yesterday at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, when Mr. B. Homer Dixon, Consul-General of the Netherlands, and Emilie Henrietta Maud, youngest daughter of the late George Caston of Caston, Norfolk, England, were united in marriage by Rev. T. C. Des Barres, rector of the church. The invited guests, with the relatives of the married parties were: Sir Thomas and Lady Galt and Mrs. Des Barres, Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, the Misses Minnie, Katie, and Ida Dixon, Mr. H. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Robinson, Captain and Miss Caston and Mr. H. E. Caston. The bride was richly attired in navy blue costume and diamond ornaments, and looked stately and distinguished. The bride and groom left by the afternoon train for the White Mountains, and upon their return will take up their residence at Homewood.

Mrs. Philip Drayton has returned from her visit to the Old Country.

On Tuesday evening Mr. James Somers, eldest son of Mr. Frank Somers, was married to Miss Maggie Carr, daughter of Mr. Thomas Carr, J. P., of Avenue road. The ceremony took place in the Central Methodist church, Rev. W. D. Maxwell officiating. The bridesmaids were Miss Maggie Somers and Miss Jessie Campbell, and the groomsmen, Messrs. Harry Carr and Frank Somers, jr.

Mr. Martland, late of Upper Canada College, who has been visiting friends in Hamilton, left on Monday evening for Quebec to take the new Dominion line steamship Labrador for Liverpool. Mr. Martland expects to return to Canada early in November.

Mr. Godfrey Bird, who for some years past has been on the inspector's staff of the Bank of Toronto, has received the appointment of manager of that bank's branch at Gananoque, and leaves immediately to enter upon his new duties.

Prof. F. Boscovitz has come to Toronto for the musical season, and is at the Arlington.

Miss Richards of Montreal, the conductress of the cooking classes, is in the city.

Mr. S. Wissler, lately on the staff of the Bank of British North America, is visiting at 111 Rose avenue.

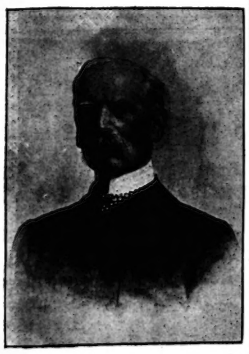
Mr. Lafferty of Calgary, who has been visiting Toronto, has left for Winnipeg. In December he will return to Toronto.

The Fresh Air Fund are planning an excursion for one thousand poor children to the Exposition and will be glad of donations to provide them with a lunch during their visit.

Colonel and the Misses Milligan, of Dovercourt road, have been enjoying a holiday in Muskoka.

Mr. W. Edgar and Madame Harriette Buck have returned from their summer tour, and are organizing their classes for music and French at 555 Church street.

Mr. W. A. Murray, one of Toronto's oldest citizens and leading business men, died on Monday last at a ripe old age. All classes of men and women in our city have been familiar with the well preserved and *debonnaire* old gentleman, who was



one of the brightest and most companionable of men. A successful and exceptionally judicious business man, a kind and generous friend and a useful citizen has gone to his rest, and left behind him universal respect and regret.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

The only event of any importance last week was a very jolly little party at the Anchorage, given in honor of the twelfth anniversary of Master Joe Syer's birthday. Dancing and games of every description were merrily indulged in until twelve o'clock, when the young host of the evening led the way into the long dining-room where a most sumptuous supper had been prepared. In the center of the table, which was arranged and decorated most artistically, towered a huge pyramid of exquisite flowers, beside which stood the twelve-tiered birthday cake surrounded by ices and delicacies of every description. Little tables with softly shaded lamps stood everywhere, at which, two and two, the merry little guests were seated in the most approved fashion. Among the little ones present were: Miss Lillian Anderson, Miss Florence and Master Charlie Heward, Miss Mary Garrett, Master Walter Kingsmill, Master Gault and Miss Annie Kingsmill, Master Willie and Miss Lizzie Alma, while among the older ones who helped to amuse the children and who seemed to enjoy the games as thoroughly as the juveniles were: Miss Winnie Kingsmill, Miss Madeleine Geale, Miss Alice and Miss Edith Heward, and Miss Jessie Montgomery. The guests departed about one o'clock with the most cordially expressed wishes for the future of their charming young host.

Mrs. and the Misses Montgomery of Huron street, Toronto, were last week the guests of Mr. E. Syer.

Rev. F. M. and Mrs. Baldwin, who have been spending the summer in town, have returned to Aylmer.

Mr. Morgan Baldwin and family have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Millsom are at Doyle's.

The Queen's Royal and Chautauqua hotels have closed.

Miss Shanklin is spending a few days with friends in town. GALATEA.

The "Tiffany's" of Canada.

The old established jewelry firm of J. E. Ellis & Co., well known throughout Canada, have always shown the enterprise of a first-class business house, and their latest move is worthy of a firm with such a high reputation. They have recently purchased and fitted up the store in King street, adjoining their old stand on the corner, and in this they now occupy one of the best equipped jewelry establishments on the continent.

The new premises are fitted up in a style of elegant simplicity, and they embody all the latest improvements now in vogue for jewelry houses of the best standing. The fittings throughout are cherry and plate glass, and were made especially for greater convenience than the firm hitherto had in serving a largely increased number of patrons.

The Messrs. Ellis have had a life's experience in this business, and it is the best points to be gathered from such an experience that are put into use. Their stocks of goods in the different lines are the most complete of any house in Canada, embracing fine watches, diamonds, sterling silverware, French clocks, bronzes, etc., that can be purchased in the English, European and American markets, from which sources they have imported especially for their new premises, No. 3 King street East.

Everything in connection with this fine establishment is on the order of neatness. Although the goods are of so rich a quality, their display is made with that modesty and taste so becoming to a first-class house. The windows are decorated as no other windows are, and the artistic taste in the display therein would alone stamp the firm as a solid one.

The Messrs. Ellis extend a hearty invitation to the thousands of visitors to the Queen City during the two weeks of Exhibition, and whether or not they be purchasers the firm will be pleased to show them their wares.

A Young Canadian Merchant.

HOW MR. FRANK TAGGART HAS SPENT HIS FIRST QUARTER CENEURY.

Mr. Frank S. Taggart, one of the most active and brainy of Toronto's citizens, who during his short business career—he is only 25—has made a reputation all over Canada as one of the shrewdest men in the jewelry trade, has resigned his position as director and general manager of the Charles Stark Company and opened out business for himself in the handsome warehouse, 39 King street west. He will deal in the same goods as are handled by the Stark Company. Mr. Taggart is a capital example of the best type of young Canadians. Born up near the shores of Huron, educated in the Toronto public schools, at the age of the fourteen he entered the service of Mr. Stark and within two years was acting as buyer in the New York and eastern markets. Two years later, while yet a lad of eighteen, he went to Europe as buyer for Mr. Stark, and the following year, while the C. P. R. was still uncompleted, he crossed the Rockies to the Pacific slope and established trade there. Returning he organized the Toronto Watch Case Co., making the first gold and silver watch cases turned out in the Dominion. That business he operated until the present year, when he sold it. Now he starts upon a more extensive one, and will deal in watches, clocks, diamonds, silverware, guns, munitions of war and athletic supplies.

112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESSMAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, the celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear.

Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM

63 King Street West—(up stairs)

Opposite *Mail* Office.

MRS. A. BLACK, MGR.

We are now prepared to show a full and complete assortment of

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Ladies will find it an advantage to inspect our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

- - THE BON MARCHE - -

The Great Bankrupt-Stock Emporium

WILL OFFER TO-DAY AND DURING EXHIBITION

A BANKRUPT STOCK OF

LADIES AND GENT'S UNDERWEAR

CONSISTING OF

Ladies Fine Scotch Lambs Wool, Cashmere and Merino Undervests and Drawers, —Black Cashmere and Silk Hosiery—Best Quality of French Kid Gloves in all the leading makes—Cashmere Gloves—Silk Lisse Embroidered Handkerchiefs—Irish Linen Handkerchiefs—Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs—Mourning Handkerchiefs—Shoulder Wraps and Shawls—and quantities of other goods for ladies' wear too numerous too mention here—Will be sold for one-half of the original value.

FOR GENTLEMEN

Gent's Fine Scotch Lambs' Wool, Cashmere, and Merino Socks—Fine White Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts—Collars—Cuffs—Suspenders—Ties—Scarfs—Silk Umbrellas—Dressing Gowns—Smoking Jackets—Silk Handkerchiefs—Linen Irish Handkerchiefs—&c.—now selling here for about half price.

STRANGERS VISITING YOUR HOMES can easily make their RAILWAY EXPENSES by shopping here during this cheap sale, as it is one of the very best BANKRUPT STOCKS we have handled for years.

THE BON MARCHE 7 and 9 King St. East

CREME DE VENUS

FOR THE COMPLEXION

CREME DE VENUS has no equal. It readily removes skin blemishes such as

FRECKLES, TAN, BROWN SPOTS, Etc.

Where the skin is injured through the use of poisonous preparations, Creme de Venus will restore it to a healthy condition. It is not a Cosmetic, but a scientific remedy.

HAVE YOU A HEADACHE?

TRY GERMAN HEADCAHE POWDER. Instant relief is guaranteed. This powder contains neither antipyrine nor any opiate. Its action is reliable and perfectly harmless.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR THOSE STANDARD REMEDIES.

German Headache Powder

PIANOS

FOR

= HIRE =

AT

MASON & RISCH'S

Parties desiring pianos for hire for the coming season will please notify us of their requirements as soon as possible, so as to prevent disappointment later on.

MASON & RISCH,

32 King Street West.

FALL BULBS

FOR THE

Window Garden, Conservatory, Outdoor Garden

If you have ever grown bulbs; if you admire flowering bulbs; if you love flowers of any kind

Send for our

BULB

Catalogue

Address on postcard will do.

DON'T WAIT A MINUTE. SEND NOW

THE STEELE BROS. CO., Ltd.

130 and 132 King St. East, Toronto

Mention this paper.

PATENT SECURED IN CANADA.

It is fixed on the lining under the drapery, and is worked from the outside much more easily with one hand than with two.

All that is necessary is to raise the dress behind, and at whatever place it is let go the sliding catch and the Suspender automatically fixes itself and sustains the dress at any desired height from the ground; indeed, so simple is it in operation, that this can be done quite well, even with an ulster on. No dress complete without it. To be had at

W. A. Murray & Co.'s and R. Walker & Sons

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR TORONTO:

PLETT & LOWNDES

The Automatic Dress Suspender Co.

GUELPH, ONT.

DR. BILL

The Great Laugh Provoker

AND

SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES

Will administer his new Laughter Cure for One Week at the

Grand Opera House

COMMENCING

MONDAY, SEPT. 14

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

PROF. DAVIS'

Academy of Dancing

102 Wilton Ave.

ESTABLISHED - 1859

Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen always forming and in progress.

33rd Season Now Open

See circular.

Wabash Line.

The banner route. Only 14 hours Toronto to Chicago, 24 hours to St. Louis, 35 hours to Kansas City. Quickest and best route from Canada to the west. The only line running the Palace Reclining Chair Cars (seats free) from Detroit. Finest sleeping and chair cars on earth. Ask your nearest ticket agent for tickets and time tables via this line. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

His Double.

North—Is it true that you eloped with old Scrogg's daughter?

Eastman—That is just what I should like to know.

North—What do you mean?

Eastman—When I went to buy the railroad tickets, the agent wouldn't take a cent, and handed me Scrogg's mileage book.

Do You want a MANTLE at McKENDRY'S?

You can get The best assortment The newest ideas The closest prices

Our showroom is brimful of novelties in childrens, maids and ladies' mantles. Nothing but the choicest goods kept in stock, but the prices are kept well down within the range of ordinary goods.

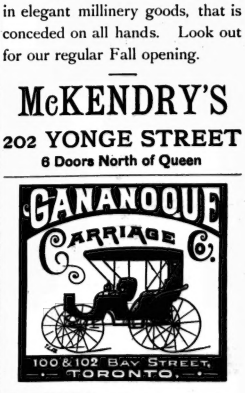
MILLINERY

Several new pattern Hats and Bonnets to hand, also hundreds of new ideas in Aigrettes feathers, trimmings, &c. We lead the trade in elegant millinery goods, that is conceded on all hands. Look out for our regular Fall opening.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET

6 Doors North of Queen



WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

It was during their honeymoon that Angelo and Sophia were overtaken by a thunder storm.

Angelo—And was his little pet afraid of the thunder?

Sophia—Oh, no, Angelo; by your side (kiss) I am afraid of nothing!

The sale of pattern mantles at D. Grant & Co.'s, 206 and 208 Yonge street, begins on Monday next. The designs are elegant and the value first-class.

DENTISTRY.

DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry B. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

DR. J. FRANK ADAMS, Dentist
325 College Street
Telephone 2278. TORONTO

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
24 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266

DR. CAPON Tel. 3821
12 Carlton Street
L.D.S., Toronto (Gold Medal); D.D.S., Philadelphia; M.D.S., New York.

LANOLINE CREAM
REMOVES
Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Roughness, Redness and Hardness of the Skin, and Prevents Wrinkles
PREPARED ONLY AT
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BLIZARD—At Toronto, on August 29, Mrs. W. Howard Blizard—a daughter.
CLERK—At Montreal, on September 6, Mrs. Rosco H. Clerk—a daughter.
MOYES—At Toronto, on September 1, Mrs. J. W. Moyes—a daughter.
STONE—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. Henry A. Stone—a son.
SEYLER—On August 31, Mrs. Wm. H. Seyler—a son.
DONALD—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. Richard Donald—a son.
BROUSE—At Toronto, on September 4, Mrs. W. H. Brouse—a son.
TINDALL—At Parry Sound, on August 26, Mrs. W. B. Tindall—a daughter.
BALL—At Toronto, on August 30, Mrs. E. Ball—a daughter.
THOMAS—At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas—a daughter.
DEWDNEY—On September 5, Mrs. A. A. Dewdney—a son.
KERR—At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. Wm. Kerr—a daughter.
MOUAT-BIGGS—At Toronto Junction, on August 31, Mrs. J. M. Mouat-Biggs—a son.
ATKINSON—At Richmond Hill, on September 3, Mrs. Will D. Atkinson—a son.
BERKINSHAW—At Toronto, on September 2, Mrs. R. J. Berkinshaw—a son.
HOWARTH—At Toronto, on September 2, Mrs. F. Howarth—a son.
REDDAN—At Toronto, on September 3, Mrs. Wm. J. Reddan—a son.
WOODS—At Toronto, on August 28, Mrs. S. W. Woods—a son.
BELL—At Montreal, on September 1, Mrs. Andrew Bell—a son.
PEARSON—At Toronto, on August 27, Mrs. Alfred George Pearson—a daughter.
BOURINOT—At Ottawa, on September 1, Mrs. John George Bourinot—a son.
GAGE—At Toronto on August 29, Mrs. W. J. Gage—a daughter.

Marriages.

BATTERSBY—PATTERSON—At Stratford, on September 1, Rev. W. H. Battersby to Edith Beatrice Patterson.
DIXON—CASTON—At Toronto, on September 8, Hector Dixon to Emilie Henriette Maud Caston.
FARTHING—KEMP—At Toronto, on September 8, Rev. J. C. Farthing to Elizabeth Mary Kemp.
MERCER ADAM—BROWN—At Clapham, on August 20, Gordon Mercer Adam to Frances Isabel Brown.
POST—BUGGARD—At Toronto, on September 8, Albert A. Post to Maggie Huggard.
WINANS—KEMP—At Toronto, on September 8, Frederick S. Winans to Gertrude May Kemp.
JACKSON—SHEPPARD—At Toronto, on August 27, James T. Jackson to Emma B Sheppard.
BENNETT—McDONELL—At Exeter, on August 26, Earnest A. Bennett to Alma M. S. McDonell.
PAINCHAUD—TRAVES—On September 8, J. Eudore Painchaud to Agnes E. Traves.
PHILIP—LINDIAY—At Winnipeg, on September 5, David Philip to Tillie Lindsay.
COLGAN—KERBY—At Hamilton, on September 1, Thos. N. Colgan to Minnie E. Kerby.
COOK—LUKE—At Montreal, on August 25, J. Edwin Cook to Ella M. Luke.
PEARD—GRUBB—At New York, on August 12, James Peard to Caroline Grubb.
CHISHOLM—CAMERON—At Toronto, on September 1, Thomas Alexander Chisholm to Lina Gwendoline Cameron.
WEEKS—EDWARDS—At Cannington, on September 1, Charles Edgar Weeks to Clara A. M. Edwards.
BRYANT—GORMAN—At Chicago, on August 27, Miles Bryant to Jennie Gorman.
DEWDNEY—HORSBERGER—At Banda, on September 2, Rev. A. D. Dewdney to Kathleen Horsberger.
SCOTT—MILLARD—At Newmarket, on September 2, C. S. W. Scott to Lena Millard.
PERRY—MANDIBLE—At Chicago, on August 24, W. A. Perry to Nellie Mandible.
STOPELLBEN—HARRIS—At Meaford, on September 2, Lincoln Stopellben to Susie Harris.

Deaths.

ASHDOWN—At Toronto, on September 9, Ella Winifred, infant daughter of Sydney Ashdown. Funeral private.
CHAPMAN—On September 6, Michael Chapman, aged 69 years.
LUCK—At Norham, on September 6, Mrs. Mary Luck, aged 76 years.
MURRAY—At Scarboro', on September 7, W. A. Murray, aged 77 years.
JELLETT—On August 27, Kathleen Agnes Jellett, aged 17 years.
ROSS—At Welland, on September 5, Mrs. Emma Ross.
DANIELS—At Toronto, Mrs. Mary Daniels, aged 48 years.
DALTON—At Toronto, on August 26, William Ernest Dalton, aged 1 year.
WILSON—On September 2, John Wilson, aged 76 years.
MORRIS—At Toronto, on September 4, Thomas W. Morris, aged 24 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on September 1, Mary Gertrude Clark, aged 7 years.
EDWARDS—At Toronto, on September 2, Annie Elizabeth Edwards, aged 21 years.
KEABLE—At Toronto, on September 1, James Keable, aged 80 years.
KERR—At Toronto, on September 2, Herbert Roy Kerr, aged 2 months.
LAING—At Windsor, Alfred Laing, aged 80 years.
McDONELL—At Toronto, on September 1, Mrs. Ann McDonell, aged 60 years.
McMULLEN—At Toronto, on September 6, Mrs. Jane Mc. Mullen, aged 80 years.
KEOHOE—At Toronto, Mrs. Joehanna Keohoe, aged 77 years.
LEGGE—At Toronto, on September 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Legge, aged 72 years.
CRYSDALE—At Toronto, on September 3 Mrs. Arthur Crysdale, aged 13 years.
GROVE—At Buffalo, on September 2, Joseph Grove, aged 69 years.
JOHNSON—At Whitby, on September 2, Christopher Johnson, aged 47 years.
MARRIOTT—At Toronto, on September 3, Nina Dorothy Marriott, aged 3 years.
MacGREGOR—At Toronto, Marion MacGregor, aged 16 years.
McGREGOR—On Tuesday, September 1, A. McGregor, aged 59 years.
REDDAN—On September 3, infant son of Wm. J. and Jo Reddan.
McCABE—At Toronto, on September 6, Peter Herbert McCabe, aged 14 months.
CORNWALL—At Acton, on September 6, Rose Cornwall, aged 62 years.
DAVIS—At London, on September 1, Winfrid Davis, aged 23 years.
LYNN—At Mimico, on September 3, Mrs. Charles Lynn.
O'KELLY—At Toronto, on September 1, Sister Catharine O'Kelly, aged 57 years.
KELZ—At Toronto, John Kelz, aged 59 years.
STEWART—At Lorneville Junction, on September 5, A. R. Stewart, aged 55 years.
CHAPMAN—On September 6, Michael Chapman, aged 69 years.

Around the Corner

You will find the great establishment of Harry Collins, where you can get the best assortment of Stoves, Ranges and General Housefurnishings in the city. It will pay you to remember which corner it is around, and it will pay you to find the establishment afterwards; for there, in the best equipped and appointed store in the city, is the finest variety of general housekeepers' goods that have ever been offered, and at prices that will ensure a certain sale. The address is around the north-west corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets, and opposite the Grand Opera House. The name is one of the best known in the city.

H. A. COLLINS & CO.
6, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

TIME IS MONEY
You can get the best value in Watches
FROM
GETROREY
MANUFACTURING JEWELER
61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone

And our machines are now cleaning the Costly Carpets and Fine Rugs for the ladies of Toronto

We would like the ladies to give us a call and see how the work is done. We are prepared to do all kinds of cleaning, fitting and laying (no chains or ropes to tear your carpets). Grease spots removed. Open all the year. Orders called for and returned to any part of the city. We have a special moth proof room for storing carpets. Send for price lists. Furniture repaired.

Toronto Carpet Cleaning Company
Office and Works 44 Lombard Street
Telephone 2686
A. S. PFEIFFER & HOUGE BROS.

OAK HALL

NEW SUITS FOR THE BOYS

Our full range of 2 and 3 piece suits is now in, and we can say without the least hesitation that for neatness and value we never showed anything like it before.

Parents should call.

OAK HALL
115 to 121 King Street East
Toronto
W. RUTHERFORD - - Manager

SPECIAL NOTICE.

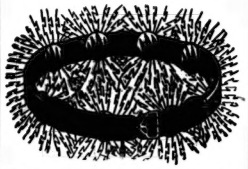
Having just received by special importation an exceptionally fine line of fabrics for Fall and Winter wear, at the old address, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Quiet, Genteel and Good will be the essentials this season for gentlemen's garments.

I am prepared to meet these requirements for good dressers.

HENRY A. TAYLOR,
DESIGNER.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT
AND APPLIANCE CO.
Head Office - - - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash Capital of $50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada

Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

RHEUMATISM

is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect age, sex, color, rank or occupation.

Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.

Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may be applied directly to the affected parts.

WOMEN

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
Neuralgia	Spermatorrhœa
Dyspepsia	Impotency
Sciatica	Sexual Exhaustion
Lumbago	Paralysis
General Debility	Spinal Diseases
Liver Complaint	Nervous Complaints
Kidney Disease	Urinary Diseases
Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW

Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO.
71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.
Mention this paper.

NEW
FALL GOODS
GOLDEN LION

OUR MANTLE DISPLAY
FINER THAN EVER
Comprising all the Novelties of this Season

Choice Reefer Jackets, Elegant Three-quarter Coats, Plain and Trimmed with Fur.

Lovely Cloth Capes, Trimmed with Ostrich Tips, also Braided and Trimmed with Nail Heads.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Novelty Dress Goods

Beautiful Tweed Dress Goods, with Mohair Check and Stripes, also Spots. French designs, newest style, Ramage pattern, Black on Plain Color Grounds.

Stylish Robes in newest coloring, single length only.

INSPECTION INVITED.

OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
Is a special feature, and we invite correspondence from every town in Canada. Samples are kept ready, cut and made up.

R. WALKER & SONS
33, 35 and 37 King Street East; 18, 20 and 22 Colborne Street.

BEST QUALITY COAL AND WOOD

OFFICES:
20 King Street West
409 Yonge Street
793 Yonge Street
288 Queen Street East
578 Queen Street West
1352 Queen Street West
419 Spadina Avenue
Yard Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street
Yard Esplanade East, foot of Church Street
Yard Bathurst Street, opposite Front Street

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

BUY THE
Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL
FROM THE
ONTARIO COAL CO.
GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
67 Adelaide Street West. Telephone 1127
Goods called for and delivered to any part of the city. N. B.—Our patrons are requested not to give their Laundry to any driver not wearing uniform Cap with initials P. S. L. on, as we have no connection with other concerns styling themselves Parisian Laundry or otherwise. Yours truly,
CHIERA AND VIER, Props.
J. A. ROLSTIN, Manager.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
PIANOFORTES
GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

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